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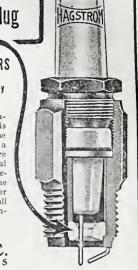
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With this number we begin a series of articles dealing with railroad life, from the human standpoint.

The story will begin with the right-of-way, railroad building, the old and new ideas. Other articles will deal with the life of the engineer, the conductor, the switchman, the train dispatcher, the agent, the traffic man, There will be no "brass collars" in the stories. It will be the daily life of the men who run the railroad, their hardships, perils, duties, and re-

The series now in preparation, will be the work of several hands under the general direction of the Editor.

It is the first time that a comprehensive picture of railroad life in all its phases has ever been attempted and we feel sure you will find it interesting. Of all industrial employments, none are as full of excitement and danger, none entail such responsibilities, none are so closely connected with the needs of modern society.

We all use the railroads, we are all interested in everything about a railroad. From the village boy who goes every day to "see the train come in," to the big man of affairs, whose business depends upon railroad service, every one finds in the operation of railways, a profound and striving interest. We intend to tell you all about it, how it is done and the kind of men

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The Kansas Magazine

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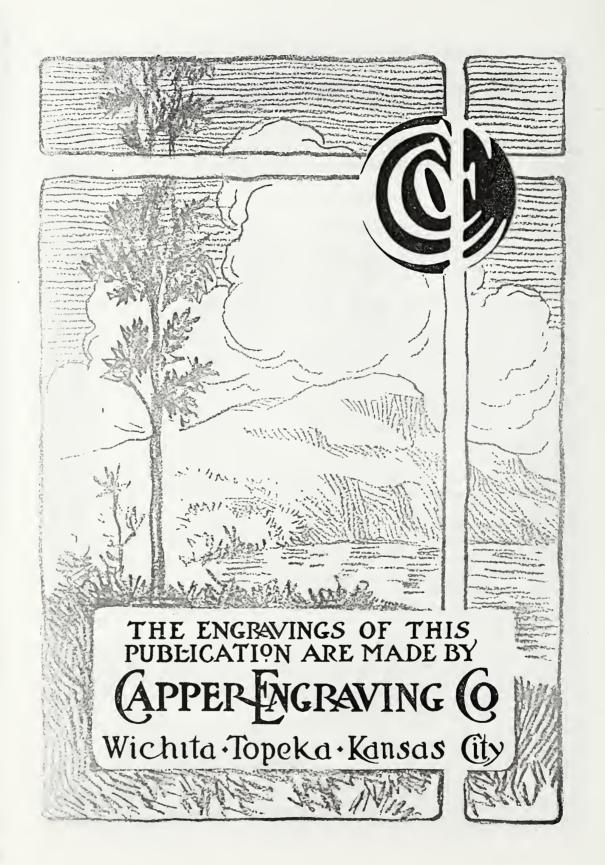
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The Kansas Magazine Co.

419-420 Beacon Building
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Kansas —

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MANSAS WHERE WE LEFT OUR HEARTS! KANSAS, GOOD OLD KANSAS.

STEPHEN H. BROWN.



Magazine Kansas

ARIZONA PHOENIX, SALT RIVER VALLEY THE

F. DUMONT SMITH

PHOENIX, Arizona. Just what impression do you have when you hear of it? Don't answer; I can guess it. You class it with Yuma, whose first cremated citizen is alleged to have sat up in the furnace and begged for his overcoat. That is the impression I had. Partly that is why I went there in August. I wanted to know the worst. I did not want to come back, pleased, perhaps, with the climate, perhaps complimenting it a little and have some Smarty say, "Oh, yes, but you ought to have been there in August." I was there in August.

I went because I had been hearing

about the Salt River Valley for many years; Because I knew vaguely that it sheltered one of the greatest irrigation enterprises in the world; that the Roosevelt dam just completed and dedicated last Spring is one of the engineering marvels of the world, next to the Assouan dam on the Nile, the greatest storage reservoir in the world; that the soil of the Salt River Valley is the richest, the climate the most fructuous, and at the same time, the most healing in the country. It seemed worth while to go and see a county, for it is practically all in Maricopa County, Arizona, that held so many superlatives. And I went in August because I was in the neighborhood and I wanted to know the Worst.
It is not hard to go there. If you are

going West by the Santa Fe you change at Ash Fork. If you are coming East you may take a through sleeper from Los Angeles and go straight through to Phoenix. Take my advice, if you go by the Santa Fe, and take the day train from Ash Fork to Phoenix or from Phoenix to Ash Fork. The U.S.A. holds few more beautiful trips than that mountain road winding up through the hills and mountains of Arizona. For myself, I went from Los Angeles, arriving at Phoenix in the morning. I was expected, and my reception and the hospitality shown me from start to finish had just that richness, that completeness, that you get only in the West, and that has its finest flavor in Arizona. To the experienced traveller it is sufficient to say that while I sojourned in Phoenix, my money—good money, I thought—was counterfeit. No one in Phoenix would take it. There was always someone with me and the man behind the counter seemed to prefer Phoenix money.

Maybe you know just where the Salt River Valley is. If you do, you may skip the next page. It lies in the south central part of Arizona, some forty miles long east and west and twelve to fifteen miles wide north and south. Altogether it has about three hundred thousand acres of land that will be irrigated within a year or two, and two hundred thousand acres more that will some time be irrigated by high line ditches. Tonto Creek joins the Salt River in the hills just above the Roosevelt dam and below it again the Rio Verde flows into Salt River. Below the Valley the Salt River flows into the Gila and that again into the Colorado. It belongs to the Pacific Watershed, and the total drainage area of the Rio Verde, the Salt River and the Tonto Creek is some thirteen thousand square miles.

The Valley was once undoubtedly an inland sea or lake. It formed a settling basin for great rivers, rising in mountains then much bigger than they now are, with a greater precipitation; great streams that discharged into this basin vast quantities of silt, decomposed rock and vegetable humus from these high As these swift streams carrying hills. the silt slowed down in the still waters of the basin, the silt was deposited in regular layers, sloping very gradually toward the West. When finally the Gila broke through to the sea and drained this basin, its floor remained as it now is, marvelously smooth with a slope of about twenty feet to the mile, with perfect drainage, ideal for irrigation and health, and with an alluvial soil from thirty to one hundred feet deep. So there are the conditions. A soil unequaled in its richness, inexhaustible in its fertility, a climate that is a sanatorium for nearly everything, a growing season almost conterminous with the year, needing only water—and the Roosevelt dam furnishes that.

The Salt River Valley has always been irrigated. When I say "always," it is rather a large word, but long before there is any record, any history of America, there were high class irrigation ditches in this Valley. One of the largest modern canals follows very nearly an old ditch built by a people whom they conjecturally call Toltecs. Since some of these ditches found in Arizona built by the same people are filled with lava, and since there have been no active volcanoes in Arizona for a hundred thousand years, I speak advisedly when I use the word "always."

The earliest white settlers in Arizona saw the possibilities of this beautiful valley and began to take the water from the Salt River. At best it was un-

satisfactory irrigation, for the Salt River is at times a mile wide and at times almost dry. In the Seventies there began a concerted effort to use the Valley waters. The wonderful results in that climate, with its long growing season and the fertility of the soil, encouraged various extensions and many small ditches. But the inequality of the water flow was a serious drawback. With the capital then at hand no permanent reliable diversion dams could be attempted and no storage dam thought of. However, the Roosevelt dam was forecasted. Capital was interested to survey the watershed, locate the dam, make preliminary estimates, and all of these were available when the Reclamation Act became effective. The Salt River Project was one of the first that engaged the attention of the Reclamation Service, largely owing to the preliminary work that had been done by private capital. In the meanwhile Phoenix had become the Capital of the Territory, with two lines of railroad and the extraordinary success of irrigation in the region thoroughly demonstrated.

The Roosevelt dam followed. Naturally it was the first thing I wished to see, because it is the biggest thing of its kind in the country and perhaps the second largest storage reservoir in the world. To reach it, Mesa on the Southern Pacific is the nearest town, and as their first work the engineers built the Roosevelt road for sixty miles across the desert and up through the mountains, almost as wonderful a piece of engineering as the dam itself. Over this was hauled the machinery for the great cement plant, for the cement was made right on the ground, the electrical power house, developing 4400 horse power and all the fuel oil that was used in burning the cement. It remains now largely a pleasure drive, for the heavy hauling is done.

For myself, the trip was arranged to start from Phoenix at five o'clock a. m. and see the Granite Reef dam first. This is the diversion dam on the Salt River, twenty-eight miles from Phoenix. Here the engineers discovered a granite reef extending nearly across the river, and here they built this rubble concrete

weir 28 feet high and 1100 feet in length which raises the water of the river to the level of the two great canals that spread its beneficient flow over the entire valley. This is not a storage dam, though it does, of course, to some extent equalize the flow; but it delivers the entire ordinary flow of the River, about 700,000 acre feet to these two ditches. Perhaps it would be as well to here explain irrigation terminology.

An acre foot is the amount of water that will cover one acre a foot deep. In the valley the "duty" of water—that is, the amount necessary to irrigate for a whole season—is fixed at four acre feet. That is a body of water sufficient, if used all at once, to cover the land four feet deep. This is some water, and is undoubtedly more than will ultimately be required when the land becomes thoroughly saturated. It is irrigation experience everywhere that the "duty" of water, that is, the amount necessary to irrigate an acre of land ,decreases from year to year with steady irrigation.

So the ordinary flow from this diversion dam, which holds in check the flow of the Salt, the Rio Verde and Tonto Creek, is pretty nearly enough to irrigate 175,000 acres annually. Forty miles above this dam the Roosevelt reservoir when full will hold 1,300,000 acre feet, or enough to irrigate more than three hundred thousand acres if there were no summer flow at all.

The measurement of water is by the "miner's inch," the amount of water that will flow through an aperture one inch square, each second, under a four inch head. Fifty miner inches make a "second foot" here. In Colorado they measure it forty "miner's inches." The Reclamation Service figures in this Valley are all based on four acre feet, and no water will be granted unless enough water can be furnished on that basis.

In building this diversion dam, there was a slump in the granite, and concrete was forced into a sand and gravel stratum by air pressure to make of the sand and gravel an artificial rock, apparently as strong as the granite foundation. On each side great gates operated by hydraulic pressure deliver to the dams north and south their

equalized flow to be spread by nearly five hundred miles of canals and laterals over the whole valley.

At the dam I met a Kansas family who have lived in the Valley for years and of all the boosters they were the boostingest. The lady told me that neither she nor her children had ever had a day's sickness. It set me thinking, and I took occasion to observe the women I met. The test of a climate is the appearance of the women and children. A man can live and thrive anywhere; that is a Real Man. But climate tests bearing women and their offspring. I have never seen ruddier, rosier women or heartier sun-browned children. There is none of that washedout aenemic look that tropical women have, none of the puny, sickly tint of white children in the tropics.

Every one sleeps out of doors the year round. The sun is hot but the air is so dry there is no sunstroke, and everywhere I saw white men working in the sun in August apparently unmindful of the thermometer. But let me observe right here that the thermometer is about the most deceitful of all scientific instruments. The hottest weather I ever saw was 84 degrees in the shade in Hong Kong, China. You have to read the wet and the dry bulbs together. It's a matter of humidity as much as of temperature. I was a tenderfoot fresh from the bracing air of Oakland, California, and I did not suffer as much as I did later, in those late August and early

September days in Kansas. From the Granite Reef to Desert Wells is twenty miles straight through the "desert." But it is not like any other desert in the world. It is crowded with vegetation, all its own, absolutely distinctive. You cannot escape the idea that you are in a cultivated country and at every turn you expect to see a farmstead. The greasewood grows ten feet high with a gray feathery leaf that has a peculiar virtue. It is "grease-wood" because a bundle of twigs, charged with a vegetable oil of its own, will burn like a lighted candle. A distillation of the leaves is the best ever for the "gray dawn of the morning after." It is a sure cure and swift recovery for dipsomania. It beats all the "pickups"

ever invented, so they say. Some day a smart patent medicine man will make a fortune out of it. There is every variety of cactus, many of them as strange and grotesque as some of Dore's pictures. The Giant cactus with three or four strangely contorted branches frequently grows to the height of thirty

feet without a leaf or a spore.

Another variety with long, slender branches is covered from foot to crown in the spring with delicate pink flowers. The Cholla cactus is the meanest of all vegetable creations. It is a crowded mass of little spikes that have some retractile quality, so that if one pierces the skin it must be dug out, and leaves a subtle irritation behind that drives the sufferer mad. Old Geronimo used it for the "third degree" with his captives and they say that for sheer frenzy and unbearable torture it beats anything ever invented by the Spanish Inquisition.

There are a dozen other varieties of cactus, among them one that has a deep red fruit from which an enterprising candy man in Phoenix makes "cactus candy." If you ever go to Phoenix, try it. It has a subtle vanishing flavor, that you never can seize exactly, but it keeps you chewing at it to tell just what it is and "they say" (that means I don't vouch for it) it is excellent for the digestion. The fruit itself is not bad.

There is the palo verde with its delicate green fronds, that gives a touch of springtime to this desert landscape and a hundred other strange forms; Nature's experiments, Nature's attempts at the subjugation of Nature's mistakes, Nature's attempts to soften and clothe Nature's harshness. But of course this is no true "desert." The rainfall here is something over eight inches annually and in the spring, that is February and March, this desert vegetation is among the most beautiful in the world. It has a hesitating, timid quality. A certain virginity, untilled, inutile, made for ornament purely, not useful or productive. The struggle for existence exhausts its energies. flowers scantily, and produces no food, except for desert birds. There are no "harvest homes" in the desert. No Ceres pours forth from her bounteous

horn. Small desert life, colored to its environment, gleans a meagre livlihood, strange forms of reptile life exist and batten in almost moveless and senseless

existence.

The Gila monster grows to eighteen inches in length, a strange monstrous saurian, about whom are woven strange stories. The "old timers" say he is "pizen." Our chauffeur laughs at the tale and says he is harmless as a puppy dog. Take your choice; for me, after seeing him, I prefer to give him the right of way. The deadly "side-winder" —blind, timid and deadliest of his kind —lurks somewhere under that desert vegetation. The mottled blue racer, swifter than the fire of a Colt automatic makes his home here. And yet in all the Valley you cannot hear of anyone that ever died from a snake bite. I think much of it is old tradition, for I was unable to find anyone that ever knew of anyone that had died from a gila monster, side-winder, or any other form of reptile life. All that desert vegetation is different. All that desert life conforming to its environment, is strange, uncouth, and in a way monstrous, but I think harmless.

At Desert Wells we found a little

oasis. A "doby" house, strongly built, a deep well with abundant water with a modern gasolene engine to draw it, and great herds of sheep that graze on the desert in the summer and fatten on the Valley alfalfa in the winter months. And here again was one of those upstanding, straight-backed, full-bosomed, bright-eyed rosy-cheeked, Arizona women, who give you confidence in the climate. And once more Arizona had a boost from one who ought to know. There the Phoenix machine left us and another from Mesa met us by appointment exactly at eight o'clock. From there we were on the Mesa, Roosevelt dam, road, smooth as any city street, graded and bled like a boulevard.

But then you know what happens when an automobile is doing its very best: a tire blew up, and then another, and then another. And there we were in the heart of the desert and no more extra tubes. And right there I learned something new. The chauffeur detached a box from the running board, walked

over to the long distance telephone line, threw a hook over one line and a hook over the other, and telephoned to his garage in Mesa for help. In an hour relief came by way of another machine with tubes and tires, and in ten minutes more we were on our way again. I wonder if anyone in this country knows the trick, this portable telephone plant.

the trick, this portable telephone plant.
At Goldfield, a one time prosperous mining camp, we struck the foot hills and the real Roosevelt road. Certainly it is a wonder. It winds and dips and slides and corkscrews around those hills, twenty feet wide, smooth as an asphalt pavement, for forty miles. The auto-mobile runs it as though it were level ground! And as we skim and mount and glide, the great mountain landscape opens and closes, the far hills come nearer, the great blue, hazy peaks grow intimate, and then at noon we take the long curves down Fish Creek Hill. At the bottom is a hotel, where we had a dinner good enough for any spot or place. The proprietor, a Kansas man from Jefferson County, (you just can't lose Kansas people) was stricken blind by a lightning stroke two years ago. The hotel stands on a clear creek with great, green hills all about it that the blind man used to know. He took us out, and tapped two cottonwood trees with his cane and establishing his position by these, pointed unerringly with his cane to cliff dwellings in the eastern mountain and a curious cross shaped cleft in a granite wall above the hotel. Stricken thus in his prime, condemned to darkness, he bore himself with cheerful confidence. His wife runs the hotel —another of those Arizona women to whom I take off my hat. She assured me that she knew her husband would recover his sight. I asked, "You are a Christian Scientist?" "Yes," she re-plied "aren't you?" In the face of such faith, such serene confidence, I could not say I was not. I shall not soon forget that blind man with his cheerful face upturned to the light that no longer appears to him, and his brave, sweet-faced wife, carrying that double load with such poise and ease, confident that sometime the "Light that failed" will return. God bless them and grant their hope.

From there we wound and swung upward twenty miles further and descended to the very bed of the Salt River.

Such a beautiful, friendly stream, not a mountain river at all. Just a friendly bass stream where one could imagine the big fish lurking in the shadows of the great rocks, gurgling its way by little shallows, and down small riffles of rocks, nowhere boisterous or tumultuous. Just a nice neighborly New York stream, that would deceive one entirely if it were not for the great hills and rocks all about, softened just a little with desert vegetation. By that we slip and wind, just above it, a beautiful road and then we climb again with the gray-white, blue-green water below and at a turn there is the Dam.

At the first sight it is no design of man, rather some great slow work of Nature, built up through the ages, part of the hills and rocks, homogeneous with them, for thus it is built. The gray stone was quarried right there, the cement burned from the shale back there in the hills, and its foundations laid in the old red sandstone, third of all the

rocks of Nature's making. It happens just here (the pictures show) that not only does the great basin where Tonto Creek joins the Salt River narrow to two hundred and fifty feet, but the rocks slant upward, so that the downward thrust of the dam is against the flat imposed surface of the stratification. Against this, buttressed on primeval rock, with an upward curve, each rock a key stone, the dam is a part of the hills. It would take an earthquake to destroy it. No weight of water could budge it. Figures give so little of an idea, but yet we must talk in figures with such a work as this.

To build the dam they first diverted water twenty-four miles by a canal that dropping through the first power house develops 4400 horse power. Then the foundation rock was blasted out and the foundations of the dam laid, 116 feet thick. From that it rises 285 feet decreasing by courses, to 30 feet wide at the top with a double driveway on the crest. At the bottom the dam is 235 feet in length and at the top 1180 feet, and it towers 285 feet. Back of it is a lake now forming that will contain 25 square



Roosevelt Dam on Dedication Day

miles and impound 1,300,000 acre feet. In one of the pictures you will see a little house clinging to the front of this artificial cliff, half way up. It looks like a swallow's nest, but it is a fair sized house occupied day and night, from which the great gates are operated for the release of the impounded water. Above, to the right, is the little village of Roosevelt with its post office and running from there an automobile road to Globe and the Copper Mining Camps.

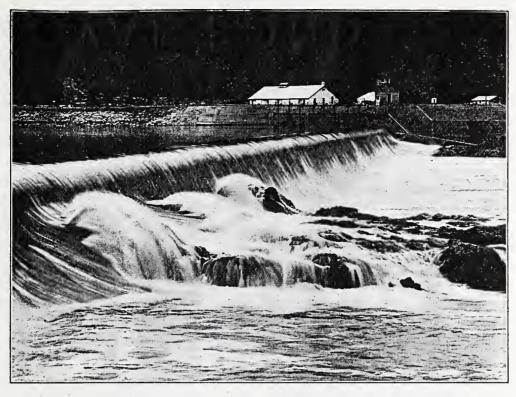
The pictures show a depth of water on the dam front of 165 feet. When full there will be another hundred feet of water. Every stone in that great dam from base to crown was cut by hand, part of an arch, each in effect a key stone, laid in water proof cement, imperishable, part of the mountain foundation. It took four years to build it. It will take more than as many thousand

to see its finish.

Behind this dam stretches a lake of varying width extending in its greatest length nearly twenty-five miles. It is being stocked with game fish and some day it will be one of the finest winter resorts in America. Its magnificent approach by the new road, its splendid climate, will make it an attractive winter loitering place. And when a great hotel is built at Roosevelt, supplied with motor boats, the fishing and the hunting on the nearby hills will draw the transcontinental tourists in swarms.

Behind the dam the vast drainage area of these hills is held in reserve equalizing the summer flow of the streams and guaranteeing to the great Salt River Valley an unvarying, absolutely reliable water supply for every month in the year. At the present time the reservoir is less than half full. Probably another winter's rainfall will fill it and it will then hold in reserve enough water to supply the Valley for a year without any summer flow.

At the present time the old power house furnishes about 4400 horse power. When the full discharge from the dam is utilized there will be about 8000 horse power from here. At various points



Granite Reef looking South from North side of Dam

on the canals, the westward falling slope will be utilized—is in fact now being utilized—to increase this power. Eventually the whole system will develop some twenty-two thousand horse power. From this will be deducted certain power that belongs to the Indian reservations, and certain other units must be used for pumping in parts of the valley. After all these are used there will remain some twelve thousand horse available for sale. Already this power runs the light and street railway system of Phoenix and the interurban to Glendale. Eventually a system of trolley lines will cover the whole Valley making it an urban community with swift intercommunication and cheap transportation to the shipping points on the two great transcontinental lines. There is market for every horse power the system can develop. And all of this belongs to the Water Users Association of the Valley.

A word as to this unique organization. It is composed of the land owners and

water users of the Valley, a pure democracy where the water is married indissolubly to the land and the water power goes with it. To begin with, the Reclamation Service has expended over eight million dollars in developing this vast system. There came a time when other States and Territories protested against further expenditure on this system. So the Water Users Association put up another million to complete the whole scheme. In round numbers, nine million dollars will have been expended when it is complete. In its entirety it comprehends all the water rights on the three streams, the Salt, the Rio Verde and the Tonto, the Roosevelt dam and the road, the Diversion dam and the power plants developing for sale twelve thousand horse power and the pumping plants which will of themselves irrigate over thirty thousand acres. The money expended by the Government will be returned in ten annual payments of \$4.90 for each acre. That is, when you buy an acre of land



Cultivating a Young Orange Grove near Phoenix

with a water right attached, you will pay \$4.90 an acre each year until it is paid for, \$49.00 an acre in all. This sum will, however, be diminished by the amount of the power rentals, already the property of the Association, which even this year will be a credit on these payments. To just what extent these dividends will run cannot be said accurately, but it is certain that when the Government debt is discharged, and the system clear of debt, these power rentals will more than pay all the expense of the upkeep, the administration, and leave possibly a dividend.

It is this which makes Salt River Valley irrigated land the most attractive in the world. The combination of irrigation and power is probably unique. In every other project, whatever may be the initial cost, or success, of the project, there remains always a steady annual drain of water rent, an annual charge to provide for upkeep and administration even where the land owners own the water. This runs as high as six dollars an acre annually in some parts of the country. Nowhere is it less than \$1.50 an acre annually.

Here, after ten years there will be no "water rent;" no charge, but in all probability a considerable dividend.

At the present time every horse power unit is worth ninety-six dollars a year. With greater supply this price will be reduced, but the gross income cannot be much under a million dollars a year. As the annual expense of the whole project will run under three hundred thousand dollars a year, there must be some dividend after all is provided for.

Pardon me, if I reiterate that all this water supply, vast, unfailing, and all this vast power accumulation is the property not of any monoply or corporation, it is the property of the farmers of the Valley, the Water User's Association, as I said before, a pure democracy, composed of those who own the land with a water right and each has a vote in the organization. To absolutely prevent monoply, no man may own a water right for more than 160 acres. He may own as much raw or desert land as he cares to pay taxes on, but he may have water for only 160 acres. The greater tracts are given three years from now in which to sell and

subdivide their holdings. After that water will be denied to more than one hundred and sixty acres for each proprietor. The land monoply that has so seriously hampered California will not be permitted here. It is to be a community of small holdings, each with ample water, thoroughly tilled, without tenent farmers, without the isolation of

ordinary farm life.

This Water Users Association is now completely organized and owns in Phoenix a large two story, commodious and artistic office building in the Mission style, where are also housed the local offices of the Reclamation Service. To a certain extent the Association is yet in leading strings from the Government which still controls the service. Next year it will be turned over absolutely, a completed project, to the Association and the annual repayment of \$4.90 an acre will begin. At the end of ten years, the debt to the Government repaid, the Water Users Association will be the largest corporation of its kind in the world and will be a democratic home rule corporation.

I confess I would like to come back here twenty years from now, after all this Valley has been brought under plow and irrigated; when every ten- and twenty-acre tract shall have a settler with electric lights, telephones and a trolley line almost at his door; when any farmer and his family may run down to Phoenix for the theatre or the moving pictures and be home by bedtime; when countless canals, laterals, ditches and little runlets of life-giving water shall have turned this whole desert into a garden, producing everything from wheat and corn to dates and pomegranites; it will be the most wonderful farming community in the world.

"I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea."

I would gladly have lingered longer around that artificial sea, its deep blue-green waters and low rounded hills. I liked to watch the foaming waters rush from the pen stocks and hear the high shrill note of the dynamo,

sending the current to Phoenix and Mesa miles away, and to the pumping stations, where, as they say, "we turn the water into juice and then turn the juice

back into water."

There is a fascination about a great engineering work like this, the endless patience that developed it, the slow ant-like labor that from day to day seems to make so little impression. And one wonders with what satisfaction these men must have seen the completed expression of their dreams, this culmination of creative work; work that shall realize for the settlers in the Valley their long-denied hopes; work that shall turn this desert with its greasewood and cactus into one of the garden spots of the world, and work that will endure for ages, still fructifying and still enriching generation after

generation.

It was four o'clock when we tore ourselves away, with Mesa our objective, sixty miles away. At once the auto began to object; something was wrong with the throttle. The chauffeur tinkered at it but it refused to be comforted. It snorted and bucked and did everything but act right. At Fish Creek a half hour's reasoning with it seemed to settle the matter and it ran smoothly. But by now it was growing dark with ten miles of that hill road before us and, of course, the lamps refused to work. No carbide. At this point I made some remarks. Splattering down one of those precipices in the dark, mixed up with a carburetor, and three fellow travellers did not appeal to me. With my usual lack of tact I expressed my opinion that that particular make of machine was a joke among real automobile men—like myself. When I found that the "shofe" owned the machine and was actively engaged in selling them in large numbers I shrivelled up and was especially distressed when the chauffeur gave up the question of lights and ran that last ten miles in the dark "by the feel of the road." It was a masterpiece of driving. At Goldfield we got carbide and with lights glowing, slipped down the desert road to Mesa.

(Continued next month.)

PAW HUSKA

SADIE M. WALKER

T was on a hot, sultry day; early in September, when a snorting, puffing little engine drew its rickety stub train alongside a small station in Oklahoma, and emitting a great heaving sigh of steam, settled into a contented puffing, while the three or four passengers pushed hurriedly out of the stuffy coaches and stepped gingerly down into the burning hot cinders. Marian Hays descended behind the broad back of a sweatodorous full-blooded Indian, and gazed eagerly around her. A little two-byfour depot stood dejectedly by the side of the tracks, and an apology for a restaurant stared at her from across the way. Presently a tall, broad-shouldered, tan-faced man stepped up to her, hat in hand, his shining black alpaca coat reflecting the sun's rays and pro-claiming to all the missionary profession to which he belonged, "This is Miss Hays, I suppose," gripping her hand in a hearty handshake.

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Burson," murmured Marian in a relieved tone. "I'm so glad we're here at last. I thought that slow old train would never stop at the right place."

"Oh bless you, you havn't arrived yet," said Mr. Burson, smiling. "This is only the beginning. We have eight miles yet to go by wagon-road. You see this little place is Nelogny, 'Good Water, you know, in the Indian language."

"Uh-hum, I see," replied the crestfallen Marian, possessed at once with a burning thirst, yet seeing no prospect of allaying it in the parched appearance

of the landscape around her.

He chose the short-cut over the hills, and the roadway became at times merely a faintly worn-trail which wallowed through little valleys of choking dust and wound its tortuous way svei

big hills covered with rock stair-steps and crouching blackjack trees. To her who was a child of the far-reaching prairie, it seemed that the hills extended almost straight up and down and then lapped over. The Indian broncho horses were wild, and now and then balked in dangerous places; but endowed with the courageous spirit of her ancestors, she sat gamely in her place, and at the end of the journey alighted with a wildly beating heart and highly exhilarated feelings, to be warmly welcomed by the sweet-faced little wife

of the missionary.

The town of Pawhuska in which Marian was to take up her new role as teacher, was but an Indian trading-post, dropped carelessly into the hollow of a narrow valley and adorning the face of one of the surrounding bluffs. The red brick agency houses loomed conspicuously among the few squatty frame business structures, and on the brow of a hill which leaned up against the little village were situated the three large, bleak looking buildings, the home of the Government school of the Osage Indian Nation. Over to the east was a small convent school crowded to the limit with a mass of unruly, illy-taught white children and half-breeds. Small wonder it was that one of the Protestant churches which supported two missionaries on the field, conceived the idea of establishing a private school to which all children should be made welcome and taught some rudiments of citizenship. The only place that seemed available for such an undertaking was in the two side-rooms of the new church building.

The success of the venture was at once assured, and on the morning of the opening of the school, Marian was filled with sudden inward panic, when she was confronted by a mob of fifty assorted

specimens of Young America brought together in one small hot room with absolutely no conveniences of the modern schoolroom except a few squares of blackboard and a box of chalk. Some of the children were clean and white and intelligent looking, but the majority were half-breeds, dirty, ignorant and very rude. A few were full-bloods, for the most part dull, bashful and stubborn.

"If Billy could only see me now!" she exclaimed to herself at the close of one long nerve-racking day. And a note of homesickness crept into the letter which she wrote to that struggling young physician located in a faraway Western town, causing him to set his lips in one straight line and wish devoutly that he might rush forth and unceremoniously yank the longed-for patients through his yawning office door, compelling them to turn their pockets inside out into his hands.

The intense dry weather was broken at last, but was followed by a rainy season even more disagreeable, as it showed no signs of ceasing. The little town seemed to fairly float, with practically no sidewalks to hold it down. Rubber boots were a necessity, and Marian joined the procession, every morning plodding wearily up the middle of the road, gathering pounds of mud at each step, her shoes rolled up in a newspaper under one arm, a dinner-pail on the other, one hand wildly clutching an umbrella and the other holding up her bedraggled skirts.

The regular quarterly Indian payment was on in full swing, and everywhere appeared the gaily-blanketed Indians, followed by their long, lean dogs dropping fleas at every step to the consternation of the white population. They came from all over the Osage Nation, the richest Indians in the world, likewise the laziest, content to live in idleness on the fat of their land. Silentfooted and bare-headed with loosely flowing hair, they came, pitching their small teepees on the banks of the dismal little creek. Some brought no accomodations, and unable to crowd into the one small hotel, rolled into their blankets and slept in the doorways and the out-of-way places. To Marian's complete surprise, she found that her next-door neighbors, refined and educated white-appearing people, went also to draw their blood money alongside with their dark-skinned relatives.

Miss Lura Stone, spinster, big-framed, plain-faced and good natured, was the lady missionary to this tribe, having heard the call of her beloved Indians from her home among the fardistant hills of West Virginia. With a passion of love long denied, she took Marian under her protective care, sharing with her the diminutive tworoomed house in which she lived, and lavishing upon her the wealth of her intensely affectionate nature. Their companionship proved strangely congenial, and together they often tramped out to the Indian village a mile and a quarter from the trading-post. Blue-eyed, fair-haired and fair-skinned, Marian created no end of admiration among the Indians, and everywhere she heard herself called, "Pawhuska," or "White Hair," pronounced in the soft drawling way no white person can ever imitate.

Thus it was she met Ben Strike-ax, a splendid specimen of Indian young manhood, civilized as to dress and manner, yet with the dream-light of many past generations in his sharp, black eyes, and the dignity of many ancestral chiefs on his shoulders. A graduate of Carlisle, he had come back to his home people, seemingly content to drift along in the old way without turning his educated talents to any account. Recognizing no barrier between himself and the white race, he straightway fell in love with Marion, and set about to win her with all the craftiness and cunning of his people, who steal upon their prey unannounced. Marian was just a little startled to find him by her side on all occasions at the most unexpected times, but attributed it to the natural desire of a pupil to learn from a willing teacher. Yet he held a fascination for her, which might have proved disastrous to one of a weaker nature.

Miss Stone was only gratified when he sometimes joined them on their long jaunts over the hills in search of nuts and the frost-ripened persimmons, seeing only in his actions some slight compensation for her faithful teaching

among his kind.

Outwardly showing no partiality between the two women, he followed them about, pointed out places of interest, picked up relics which they ignorantly overlooked, and gave long recitals of the deeds and doings of his people in a voice unemotional and dragging, which might have been monotonous had it not been so musical. Yet when Miss Stone was well out of sight, he would turn to Marian's wakened countenance and shower upon her all the tender endearments known to his extravagant language, accompanied always by impassioned gestures to her genuine wonder

and bewilderment.

"You ought to see this Bennie Stick-knife, Billy," she wrote one day to that young man, calling the Indian by the only name she had been able to think of after her first meeting with him. "He's a regular actor, and would do credit to any stage. We were out on the hills one day and came across a strange looking mound, half-concealing what appeared to be a small trunk. Thinking I had discovered some long buried treasure, I pounced upon it, raked back a few stones and lifted the lid before Bennie could stop me. Well, I thought I should simply fall dead in my tracks, Billy, for what should that old trunk contain but the skeleton of a little child with great strands of beads around its neck. Bennie explained that this was one of the few remaining oldtime Indian graves that were made before the law took matters into hand and compelled them to bury their dead after the white man's custom. Even this seemed a better way, he said, than they used to do, when they simply took their dead out to some lonely spot, placed them in a sitting posture with all their treasurers scattered about them, together with some food to nourish the departed spirit on the way to the Happy Hunting Ground, and covered it all with stones. The wolves did their work later. Ugh! Horrible!

"He told us of one poor Indian who had been buried alive in this way, by mistake. On regaining consciousness he scratched his way out, and was so angry at the rest of the Indians for treating him that way that he vowed nevermore to speak to one of them or have anything whatever to do with them. From that day on he went about re-christened by them old 'Old John Stink.' I have since learned to know him, as he roams the streets alone, sleeping in the

doorways and alleys.

"All this seemed very sad, and Miss Stone went off behind a hill to cry a little, but Bennie seemed inspired. Turning to me and pointing Heavenward and every other direction, he launched into a most dramatic recital of something all in his own language. His dramatic power was equal to that of a Warfield or a Booth. Some day I'm going to learn some of those highsounding words, and then, Billy, when you are provoking and contrary, I will

talk them to you."

But all too soon was Marian to learn the meaning of those very same words, and under circumstances a great deal more dramatic than of which she had ever dreamed. One day, feeling tired and discouraged, she chose to walk alone over some of her favorite paths, and was annoyed beyond measure to find Ben Strike-ax fall into step by her side. She turned at once to retrace her steps. Quick to notice the change in her usually gay self, he stopped abruptly, and crushing her two small hands in his, forced her to sit upon a

huge rock near by.

"O little Pawhuska," he softly began, "little white flower with the golden heart, look at me, your lover, your Indian brave famishing for the love of you. My veins run red with the blood of countless chieftains, the pick of all their tribe, who proudly went their way undefeated in conflict, adored in the eyes of their squaws, ruling always with a heart wise and gentle, never knowing a wish denied. O little dewdrop, with your eyes unfathomable as the sea, you are mine forever. Come with me, and we will wander as my people did of yore, pitching our tent on the banks of some hidden stream where the flowers will spring up to kiss your feet and the birds will call to you from every swaying branch. There where the breezes are ever soft and gentle, we will love in the golden sunshine by day, and dream

'neath the silvery moon at night. Come,

fair one. I claim you for my own."
"Oh, no! no! no! What do you mean?" shrieked the frightened girl. Gaining her wits at last she turned and fled like a hunted creature, leaving him standing there with outstretched arms. Exhausted and half-fainting, she fell at last into the arms of the amazed Miss Stone and poured out her troubles

to that motherly heart.

It was just about this time that Marian learned of the serious illness of one of her favorite pupils, a solemn-faced little Osage of seven years, with a head too large for his body and a voice too big for his slender throat. He died the next day, and Marian set out for a last look at his little face. While yet a long way off from the house, she heard the characteristic wailing cries of the relatives who had gathered to pay their last respects to the dead. When she finally reached the door, the sounds were so weird and blood-curdling that she would have fled had not the kind-hearted Mr. Burson come forth and led her in. Going over to the rude cot on which lay the dead child, she saw that he was clothed in a very bright-colored Indian costume in which he was to be buried as befitted a noble chieftain. After a few words to the grief-stricken parents, who appeared neither to see nor hear her, she tip-toed out of the room and hurried away.

A few days after the burial, it was rumored that there was to be a war dance in memory of the little dead chief. The old father went off to the hills to wail and mourn for ten or twelve days, taking with him a hired mourner, neither of them returning for except a mere mouthful of food each day at sun-down. Meanwhile the man in camp who owned a drum went about gathering his dozen or more dancers, telling them of the ponies and blankets which the old chief had promised.

At the expiration of ten or twelve days, the mourners came in, and the dance began with a large crowd on hand to witness the proceedings. At sunrise on the first morning, thirty or forty men mounted their ponies, and yelling their fiercest war-cries, raced off to the hills in search of scalps. Here is where the

tenderfoot is frightened within an inch of his life, for although the civilized Indians of to-day cannot take real scalps they make a pretense of it, and rush onto the first white man they meet, wildly yelling and—simply cut off his hair. Years ago they gave fifteen or twenty horses to the Pawnee Indians to hire them to be out in the open someplace so that they might clip off parts of their hair for scalps. But even that is denied them now, and at this their latest war-dance, they came rushing back at sunset, waving sticks above their heads on which were tied merely bunches of leaves.

The next day after the scalping expedition, the dancers formed in line at sunrise with their faces turned toward the sun, which they worship. There they stood, resplendent in barbaric dress, each one painted and tattooed in the most approved fashion, their heads bedecked with gorgeous feathers, their feet encased in beaded moccasins, long strips and tails of finest animal fur around their necks. and in their hands the terrorizing tomahawk. They divided into two groups, each following a drum and a flag and went in opposite directions around the camp, stopping at intervals to dance to the tune of their weird and monotonous chant. Finally the two divisions met, gave a fearful war whoop and marched on together to the regular dancing ground. There they rested every few minutes, refreshed by a light feast prepared for them by the women in the tents near by.

There were two or three hired mourners who stayed on the edge of the dance, constantly wailing. No matter what the weather might be, these poor fellows were expected to go about entirely unclothed except for a small breech cloth, never daring to sit down and rest, never eating a morsel except a meagre crust at sundown. Sometimes one of the dancers would condescend to give them a drink of water. Consequently they grew thin, and before the three or four days of the dance were ended, were worn to a point of exhaustion, oftentimes ending with a severe spell of

Marian, keeping close by the side of

the faithful Miss Stone, was an interested spectator of all these proceedings. When the real mourners swung into view, she was shocked beyond measure to recognize one of them as her would-be lover, Ben Strike-ax. That he, who had had all the advantages of a white man's education, who had lived in the far East as the white man lives, should so far forget all these teachings as to take part in such an uncivilized performance as this, seemed incredible to her. With horrified fascination she watched his every movement, but if he saw her, he gave no sign, never ceasing his hideous wails and incantations to the heathenish god of his people.

It was only a few days after the dance was ended, that Marian heard of his illness. Overwrought and half-sick herself, she felt that she could bear no more. But, when in company with several others, she went to visit the sick Indian and heard him rave in delirium about "Pawhuska," his "little white flower," acknowledging unconsciously that he had courted death through exposure in the recent war dance, she felt crushed, indeed, The greatly worried Miss Stone hovered lovingly over her melancholy and brooding charge, and finally in desperation sent a very explicit letter to the absent Billy which caused that young man to take the first train for Oklahoma.

On the evening of his arrival, Marian, scarce believing her eyes, sprang to meet him with sobbing cries of joy. "O Billy, I just knew you would come,

for I've wished for you so hard. Oh, this is an awful place and so full of trouble!"

"Never mind, little one," exclaimed Billy, holding her close, "trouble is everywhere, and any place is awful without you, Marian. Didn't you know that? Now tell me all about it," and he listened quietly while she began.

and he listened quietly while she began.

"And now Billy, you've go to go and see him," was the conclusion of her recital of the recent happenings. These doctors here don't seem to be doing him a bit of good, and maybe you can save him"

Smiling at her faith, yet willing to please her, he did as he was bidden, but even as he entered the sick chamber, he knew that no human agency could ever stay that grim Spectre which hovered over the stricken Indian. When he returned to Marian, she read the news in his face ere he spoke. "Yes, dear, he is dead," he said, "double pneumonia, with scarcely a chance from the beginning, so they told me."

Even as he spoke, there came to them in the stillness of the night, the chanting cries of the mourners, now low and moaning, now rising to piercing shrieks. Silent and awe-stricken, Marian and Billy stood with clasped hands and stared hard in the direction from whence came the sounds, striving in vain to pierce the blackness which lay between, even as the white race has often tried to span the gulf which yawns between it and that of their red-skin brethren.

TRANSFORMATION

Look at that desert, brown and bare, With cactus here and sagebrush there! Dead rock below, dry sand above—And that is life untouched by love.

But now behold this fruitful land, How fair that dale, that hill how grand! Deep, fertile soil with flowers above— And this is life transformed by love.

—Sanford Allen McGavern

THE RAILROAD MAN

F. DUMONT SMITH

Foreword—To the unthinking a railroad is merely two lines of rails over which certain powerful and ingenious mechanical appliances transport the people and the products of the country.

In truth, a railroad system is a thing of flesh and blood, of heart and brain, of the nervous force and energy, the trained intellect, the skill and devotion of the Railroad Man. It is neither farstretching lines of steel nor swiftly moving engines, vast terminals and warehouses, nor all the innumerable instrumentalities of traffic that constitute the real railroad. It is the Man on the track and at the throttle, behind the ticket window and beside the dispatcher's desk, in lofty switch towers, and lonely telegraph offices, the Railroad Man in all his duties and daily work that make the real railroad to which we intrust our lives from day to day, unthinkingly, without regard or appreciation.

That daily life of the railroad man is the most romantic of all the world's business occupations. It is more dangerous than War, more hazardous than the Sea. It touches the daily life of all of us more nearly than any other industry. No citizen of the United States is so remote, so isolated that he is not affected by the railroads of the country. It employs more human beings than any other single industry except farming. This vast army of more than a million men, at work day and night, are more necessary to us

than all the other occupations, for without themagriculture would be unremunerative. the loom would be stilled, the forge dark, crops would rot in the fields and all the fabrics of human ingenuity molder in their warehouses. One week's cessation of railway traffic would paralyze the whole social fabric of the country and bring starvation to our crowded cities. To the skill, devotion and ceaseless vigilance of this vast army we daily commit our lives, and our dearest possessions. Their lives are one long battle against the elements, rain, snow, frost and floods, in winter's cold and summer's heat. Their occupation is the most interesting of any work of human hands, and so far as I know, no attempt has ever been made to give anything like a comprehensive picture of it, of the operation of a great railroad.

To do so adequately and in its entirety is doubtless beyond the reach of any one man. But it will here be attempted to delineate the correlated workings of this vast machine, to illustrate some of its little known phases, to give some just idea of the skill, the energy, vigilance and devotion to duty, that combine to bring you in safely on the 4:10 train or distribute the daily bread of the world.

We shall begin with the Right of Way and end with the traffic men. We shall camp with the surveying party that locates the line, ride with the engineer in the cab, sit by the switchman in his tower as he cons the loom of terminals and shuttles the monster engines through the web of tracks. We shall miss much of it, but we shall see much that is new and strange, much I hope that will be remembered when next you travel by rail. There will be nothing technical in these articles. It is the day's work that we shall talk about, the daily task that keeps the world moving.

In the hope that you may find in this some of the interest that invests these lives, in the stronger hope that you will overlook the faintness of the pictures, the inadequacy of the descriptions, let us

begin.

THE RIGHT OF WAY.

MONG railroad men, the right of way means something more than the hundred foot strip that has been purchased or condemned for

railroad use. It means the entire fabric over which the trains run, the embankments or cuts, the bridges, ballast, ties,

rails, switches and signals.

It is the first step in railroading and, like all first steps, it is the one that costs. It is the chief item of outlay in a railroad. It is the most important, for upon it more than on any other one item depends the success of a great railroad.

Broadly speaking, railroad men divide into three classes: Those who build and maintain this right of way, those who deal with the motive power, and the traffic men. The first furnish the road, the second the power, the last the

profit.

Let us suppose that you and I are about to build a railroad. We have discovered a country that needs a railroad, possibly because it has none, possibly because a connection between two distant parallel lines would be profitable, open a new market for products, or a shorter route to an old market.

Being beginners, we will start with a common, inexpensive kind of a road, a road over a pleasant prairie country, with no mountain ranges to scale, with few streams to bridge, with the simplest of railway problems to solve.

We first select our Civil Engineer and, mind, not every man who writes C. E.

after his name can successfully locate and build a railroad. It is a gift, and to the gift must be added experience. Having selected our route in a general way the locating engineer will make a "reconnaissance." He will ride the whole line of road, zigzagging across it so as to thoroughly cover a strip from fifteen to twenty miles wide. He will make a rough sketch map of this reconnaissance, noting streams, hills, and valleys, the general formation of the country, the difficulties, and chances, the problems and the answers. But he will do considerably more. In his report to us, he will give us a general idea of the country, its productions and probable tonnage; the size of the towns, competing points, and an estimate of the traffic we may divide with the roads already there. He will note the state of the country's industries and the chances and prospects of future development. He will go into this so deeply that he will estimate about how many trains a day we shall need at first to care for the traffic, the gross yearly tonnage of the line, the probable cost of building the road, the necessary equipment and the cost of upkeep. In doing this he will pay little attention to passenger traffic. His eye will be on the freight tonnage, for that is what pays the dividends. He will have a particular eye to fuel, for one of the biggest single items of railway operation is fuel, and good coal mines on a line are a great asset.

When he has submitted this report the Chief Engineer will examine it with a wary and careful eye. A second and even a third reconnaissance may be ordered, and every item will be weighed and sifted, for a mistake in the permanent way is costly in operation and cost-

ly to correct.

But finally a reconnaissance is approved and the permanent survey is started. Such a surveying party will consist of twelve to fifteen men. A chief and his assistant, transit men, rod men, chain men, cook and teamsters. Such a party in a prairie country like Kansas will locate from five to six miles a day. They camp in the open and in such a country and pleasant weather it is not half a bad job. Every day

brings its problems upon whose solution depends the reputation of the Engineer and the profit of the road.

The ideal road would be the shortest distance between two points and on a dead level. No such luck as that. We have hills to climb or wind around, valleys and depressions to be crossed, streams to be bridged with a winding "development" to get down to the bridge and up again. And the grade and curvature must be kept always in mind. Every inch of grade, of deflection from a level, means that much power to be consumed. As slight a grade as 3 inches to the one hundred feet, what is known as a .25 grade doubles the resistance of a train, and a one per cent. grade will more than quadruple it. Again there is a "ruling grade" for the Division, which fixes the tonnage a single locomotive can haul over the road. If the grade is increased beyond that, the size of the trains must be diminished. Result: more trains, more coal and crews, more expense, less dividends.

Here is a hill ahead of us; shall we go through or around it? If our money were unlimited we would go straight through it, make a cut deep enough to keep to the ruling grade or tunnel it. But there again the Engineer is limited. The estimated tonnage will pay dividends on only so many thousand dollars to the mile. The cost of ties and rails is fixed. Every cut and fill adds to the cost. Usually when a new road is built the ruling grade of a division is temporary and the engineer makes two profiles, one for the first building of the road, to keep within the cost, and another to be used for reducing these grades when our road has become a great and prosperous system. This matter of cuts and fills is serious for the expense mounts swiftly with increasing height or depth. Suppose the nature of the soil is such that the cut or fill must have one and one-half foot in width for each foot of height to keep it from carving or washing. For every foot of height or depth we have increased the width three feet. So that when our engineer has the height of the hill, the yardage for the excavation at each possible depth of cut must be computed and its cost settled.

If the hill is too high, the cut too great to make a practicable grade under his limitations, then he must go around.

But every detour means so much farther haul and here enters another item. A grade means increased resistance, more expense for hauling, so does a curve. A five degree curve doubles the train resistance and is just as costly as a .25 grade. Somewhere he finds a compromise. He rounds the hill, probably makes a cut, and by the detour and the cut, keeping within his means, holds to the ruling grade or resistance. Nice complicated little problem, is it not? And in the best of country it's a problem that confronts him every day.

When he reaches a depression the problem is inverted. If the hollow is narrow and steep, it may do for the present to build a trestle, for what is known as "the life of the timber." This depression will be filled later as we get money, the trestle will disappear in a solid earth embankment before it

has rotted out.

If it is fairly easy, the grade will be reduced two ways, by filling the depression and cutting the hills on each side.

Sometimes cost can be saved here, for the earth from the cuts makes the fill. More often however it must be "borrow and waste." We borrow from a "borrow pit" on the right of way to make the fill and "waste" i. e. dump the earth from the cut on its banks. This because the cuts and fills are too far apart to use the dirt interchangeably.

An important part of the work is the map-making, for our Engineer and his assistant must be skilled draughtsmen, and every night the work of the day from the note books is put on two maps one called the map showing the horizontal alignment of the road, the other the profile showing the surface or level. The first shows the line of the road as it crawls across the country, its curves and deflections with the width of the right of way, usually one hundred feet. Where it is necessary to borrow or waste, room must be provided for a wider right of way.

The profile show the cuts and fills, the grade, both as it is proposed to be built now, and as it may be made later when we have the money to reduce the grade by higher embankments or deeper cuts. These maps must be made with the utmost accuracy, for they show every foot of length, and every yard of excavation that must be made and on the map and profile the contractor bases his bid for building the road. In addition to the estimate of yards of excavation, the Engineer will make boring tests if there is a chance of striking rock in a cut. These tests are not binding, for the job will be let on the basis of so much for dirt excavation, so much for loose rock, and so much for hard rock of the country; but the boring will indicate in a general way what the contractor will meet.

On the map will be laid out the station yards and switches, and the profiles will

show the cost of these.

But the most serious problem of all the many puzzles that our engineer will have to solve is WATER. Put that in big letters, Mr. Typesetter, for the bitterest foe of the Railroad Man is WATER. No third degree drunkard, no gutter inebriate, ever hated water as does your railroad man. It haunts his waking hours, and rides his sleep with nightmare terrors. It is the meanest, most insinuating, incalculable everpresent enemy of the right of way. Three-fourths of all the work on the right of way is done to get rid of water.

It must be gotten off the road bed as speedily as possible, for if allowed to linger it will ruin the best track in the world in no time. A little hollow forms under a tie where the water collects and the ground softens. As a train passes over it, the tie sinks in the softened ground and the hole deepens. That tie sinking drags down the next one and that the next, each making its own little puddle to deepen and drop the ties and the beautiful alighnment, that "razor edge" that the road master had prided himself on is gone. So our track must be "bled," set up so that the water will run off swiftly. A little rivulet starts down the side of a fill. The moment it creates a little channel for itself, it gathers in volume, begins to dig and wash and pretty soon goes exulting on with a piece of the track undermined, a treacherous, unseen washout. And so our engineer's problem is,

above all else, to provide waterways proportionate to the biggest volume of water that will ever come down a particular depression. He must know the character of the rainstorms in that vicinity; whether the ordinary rainstorm of temperate regions or the torrential rains of the tropics. With this in mind the maximum rainfall likely or probable, measures the watershed that is drained by the depression and from its total area computes the volume of water that must be given room to pass. A mere pipe may be sufficient; it may take a culvert, or it may take a long trestle. Whatever the opening, it must be wide enough and high enough that the water may pass without banking up against the fill to melt it out. Ditches on each side the track parallel to it, must run the whole length big enough to sluice off the water that flows from the heaped-up roadbed, and over the crest of the hill on the upper side of every cut must be another ditch to keep the water from running down the side of the cut. One of the greatest railroad engineers in the country said to me not long ago, "I have been fighting water for twenty years and it always beats me. I've given up, now I get away from it."

For this reason our Engineer will so far as consistent with his other problems, keep on the ridges, and

avoid valley lines.

A self-draining road-bed is the dream of the engineer. It is only as a tribute to grades that he ever follows a river course, and then no longer than he must. The things that water will do to a right of way are almost incredible. The Purgatoire River at Trinidad, locally known as the "Picketwire," is an insignificant harmless looking stream. Five or six years ago it got on a spree, tore out two or three miles of track, riprapped with huge boulders, demolished the station and rolled the big thousand-pound safe a half mile down the river.

A dry creek out in Arizona, tore out two miles of embankment and picked up a re-inforced concrete culvert twelve feet high and twenty feet in length and set it bodily fifty feet from the right of way. In some soils rain turns the

earth to the consistancy of chocolate, it simply dissolves like sugar. The whole track, ties and rails, goes down into the mud out of sight. I have seen a locomotive on a Texas road come into a town splashed with mud to the headlight. How do they build a road there? Bleed it, get the water off the moment it falls.

A cloud burst in a mountain canyon may cost a road its whole year's dividends. Not long ago the Los Angeles and Salt Lake Road was washed out for more than a hundred miles by a single storm, and had practically to be rebuilt. These things are unusual; they do not occur often but they may happen any time. But always every day is the unceasing fight to maintain that right of way against the elements. Rain, snow, frost and floods wearing, disintegrating, heaving, blocking, washing out and under, the road master must fight them all the year around.

So our Engineer first, last and all the time, looks for water and fends against it. I have wondered as I have watched the surveying party trail across a broken country, pegging the line, taking the levels, surveying the watershed, filling book after book with notes and strange and complicated figures, how he keeps up with his map work. But usually the days' work is on the map and profile before he goes to bed. When the road is built, this profile and the map are very sacred things. They cost a lot of money, and every officer that deals with the right of way has copies for instant use. The Chief Engineer in his office knows from these, every foot of his right of way, every degree of curve and grade, every cut and fill, every bridge and water way.

When the water jumps his road, he knows why and what to do with it. As you ride over any of the older roads you will see beside you, abandoned embankments, cuts and fills. Much of that road has been rebuilt. Curves have been taken out, embankments raised and cuts deepened to lessen the grade, and, in some cases, the whole of the original right of way has been given up because of water trouble and the track moved to higher ground.

Sometimes the lay of the country is

such that our Engineer cannot keep within the ruling grade. He finds a hill or ridge that must be climbed, and the grade increased sometimes to four per cent., four feet in the one hundred. Here a pusher engine will have to be kept to help heavy trains over the hill. It will be cheaper for the present. By and by we will reduce it and get rid of that extra engine and crew. Sometimes he can use a heavier grade by momentum, if he has two hills, near enough so that the down grade of one gives the train momentum enough to climb the up grade of the other.

Along with the Engineer goes one or more right-of-way men, who secure the land for the road. Sometimes the land is donated, sometimes bought, sometimes condemned by statutory proceedings. When the right of way is secured, he vanishes from the scene. He is no true railroad man and we will

not spend time with him.

Our Engineer will locate division points from one hundred to one hundred and twenty miles apart, the distance within which one crew can operate a freight train in its regular working day of sixteen hours. At such points, yards for terminal work will be located and laid off, and if we are in a hurry we will begin to build as soon as the first division survey is completed.

By this time railroad contractors have heard of us. They are in the field to bid for the work. They take a copy of the map and profile and bid by the yardage, so much for each yard of excavation and fill, if it is earth; so much if it is loose rock, and so much for hard

rock.

Bridge contractors bid on the bridges, and the commissary must be considered; men must be fed, and the boarding house men are on hand to bid with the contractors for the board of the men, unless the contractor boards his own men. As soon as the contracts are let an army of men and teams invades the silent green country and proceeds to harry and scar it, biting through hills, filling ravines, bridging the swift streams and leaving behind them a long and, to the eye, apparently level bank. Our Engineer will follow the graders, see that the work is up to the specifications and measure it for the pay. If a dispute arises, the Chief Enginneer of the road is usually provided as the arbiter, who finally fixes the character of the work, whether earth or rock.

As fast as the work is surfaced, another army follows with ties and rails and the railroad begins to move. In the old days the rails were carried and placed by hand, but now most of the rail laying is done from cars which advancing along the track as fast as it is laid, de-liver the rails to the spot. Here again there is a sense of impermanance in the new road. It is a foolish man who puts new wine in old bottles but it is a wise railroad man who lays old rails on a new track. Our right of way is soft yet. It will take winter and summer storms beating on it and the pounding of traffic to make a right of way. It may take two years, it may take ten before we can say that we really have a permanent way before we can lay rock or gravel ballast on it.

The first set of rails will kink and bend and curve and follow the depressions of this new soft track, and in two or three years they are practically gone. So we will be prudent and use "relaying" rails. That is, rails that have been used till the ends are pounded and flattened. These are sawed off, new holes for the plates bored. They are good enough for the first few years of traffic, cost much less, and will last on that new ground as well as the costly

new rails.

It seems a great waste, but it must be done, for it should be thoroughly understood that when we have thus surveyed and built our road so that we may run trains over it, we have simply started to make our road. It will take from ten to twenty years before it is a real railroad with a solid bed, that will hold its surface, its evenness, and over which we can run three-hundred-ton engines at sixty miles an hour. At present we shall be contented with light engines, light cars, light loads, and low speed.

We are very proud of our new road, when we get it built. We, you and I, the "Board of Directors," are all present when the last spike is driven. We ride in the first train over it. We are

banqueted at the towns, speeches are made and every one is happy. We may have driven it through an unsettled country, vacant of all save cow men till now. The outlook for traffic is poor, but we know our country. We know that people will follow the new road, buy the cheap land, build homes and towns, and if we have been wise and careful, the future of the road is fairly safe.

Not always nor often, though, does it happen that the men who build the roads in the western country reap anything from it. It has been a precarious business, a gamble all the time. In a country where for a generation, this year's crop overtaxed the capacity of the road to haul and next year's supplies must be hauled in to keep the people from starving, a new railroad had many ups and downs. The usual "down" was a receivership, reorganization, the first builders were wiped out, every one lost money, the bondholders a part of theirs, and the stockholders

But our Western country is fairly settled now and the new road is safe enough if we have given ourselves room on either side for sufficient traffic. But if we are wise, and the traffic grows, we will not sit down with the idea that we

all of theirs and a fresh start was made.

have a railroad.

We will begin at once to rebuild our road, to make a real railroad out of it. We will put from four to eight men on every six- or eight-mile section, each crew with an experienced boss. These men will patrol their sections day in and day out. We will have on hand for them new rails, ties, plates and spikes. Our ties, if new, should last from five to eight years; if treated, twelve to fourteen years. But the rails will begin to give trouble from the start, and that trouble will stay with us as long as we are in the railroad business. At the outset we have probably used a fifty-five-pound relaying rail. That is, a rail that weighed fifty-five pounds to the yard. As the traffic increases, if we are to keep up with it, these light rails must give way to heavier ones. There is a constant struggle in railroading between the right-of-way men and the motive power branch. It is like the race between armor and guns in the navy. As fast as armor is constructed that will stop the shot of the latest and biggest guns, a bigger one is turned out that will smash that armor.

As the traffic increases the men who handle the traffic will demand bigger engines, engines that will haul a longer train, move the traffic quicker and save on train crews. You and I can remember the old "eighteen-load" freight trains. We will talk about this engine business when we get to it but for the present it is sufficient to say that locomotives have grown within a very few years from a hundred tons in weight to over four hundred tons. And the right of way must keep up with this weight. Speeds have increased from twenty-five miles an hour to fifty and sixty, and the right of way must be ready for the strain.

Ninety-pound rails are common enough now and the hundred-pound rail is no longer a novelty. The shape of the rail is a puzzling factor. Hardly any two railroad engineers agree on the best type of rail. The rail is broadly in three parts: the flange on which it rests, the web or vertical section, and the head. The flange gives stability against lateral shocks, the web supports the weight, and the head stands

the wear of the wheels.

That is the unversal type of American The English railways use a rail with a double head, and set it in a chair, bolted to the ties. Sometimes they reverse the rail when the upper head wears. This is all right for the light engines and loads of the English roads, but not for ours. The conflict is over the relative amount of steel in head, web and flange. The weak point in the rail is the joint. It seems impossible to make a joint that will not give. As it gives, the wheels pound it till the end is flattened so as to make a bump and the usefulness of the rail is gone. It must be taken up, sawed and new holes bored. Many forms of joint have been tried without any particular improvement on the square end. Some engineers prefer the bridge joint that is carried between two ties on a plate, others the joint directly over a tie. A certain space must be left between

the rail ends to allow for expansion in hot weather, and there is the weak point. The man who can invent a continuous rail that will not expand and worm itself off the right of way has Carnegie and Rockefeller backed off the map.

At present the standard rail is eleven yards in length, but the tendency is

toward a longer rail.

The tie problem grows more serious every year with the destruction of our forests. A tie should be six inches thick, eight inches wide and eight feet long. When you consider that not less than 100,000,000 of them were used last year by the railways of the United States, it will be easily seen that unless reforesting begins quickly and on a vast scale, something else must be used instead of wood. And the trouble is nothing else answers so well. crete and iron ties have been tried, but they are too rigid. For contrary to the general impression, rail, tie and ballast must each and all give a little under the strain. A perfectly solid road bed would knock the rolling stock to pieces in a short time.

There must be a spring. That is why rock or gravel ballast is the best. It makes a "cushion" that will compress under the pressure and resume its alignment. Various forms of treating ties have been tried, creosote seems the best, and it fairly doubles the life of the ties, but it is expensive and the waste of timber goes on.

We are importing ties from Mexico and Hawaii now, and the price has grown from thirty and thirty-five cents

to a dollar or more.

For many years the rails were held to the ties by a standard form of wrought spike. As soon as the tie began to check or soften, the spike loosens. Recently and very generally on the larger roads, a plate is laid under the rail over each tie, and the whole screwed to the tie with a threaded spike. Given an old road bed, well hammered down, bled and drained, twelve to sixteen inches of crushed rock for ballast, creosoted ties, ninety-pound steel rails with plates and screw spikes, and you have the last word in railroading for the present. Over this an 850,000

pound engine will roll smoothly and a passenger train will travel seventy miles an hour without a jar or roll. Rock ballast it would seem is one of the things that ought not to wear out, but it does. Every five years the best rock ballast has to be removed, cleaned by forking it, and replaced. Dirt blows into it, vegetation starts, in a little while it becomes foul and rots the ties and, worst of all, it cements into a solid mass without resiliency. Then an extra gang must be thrown in and the work all done over again. To watch a Mexican removing this ballast, cleaning it and ramming it back under the tie with a blunt-headed pick looks like the labor of an ant. It seems so slow, so interminable. But it must be done and it costs. So the fight goes on. Besides the regular section gang, and boss, there is nearly always an extra gang at some such job, forking ballast, putting in new ties, laying heavier rails, and the bridge men are always at work somewhere, putting in newer, heavier, wider bridges for the new locomotives and cars. Day in and day out the year around the fight to keep the track level and smooth and safe goes on.

Most of the track work nowadays is done by Mexicans or Greeks or some similar form of animal life. The Irishman who was formerly the standby long ago got too smart to handle pick and shovel and the humble Mexican or the black-visaged "hunkie" with his padrone fills his place. They come North and work for six months, accumulate a little money and go back to the land of "poco tiempo" for a rest.

A good deal of the money that financed and much of the spirit that fought the late revolution down there, came from these humble track workers who had come up here, breathed the air of freedom and independence for a few months and on their return kicked at the veiled despotism of Diaz. They form an alien class, living mostly in boarding cars, or shacks along the right of way, peaceable enough, good workers and honest. Their principal crime is the phonograph. The first seven and a half they accumulate goes into a squeaky, raspy, talking machine, that night after night agonizes their neighborhood with airs of that peculiar patyour-stomach-and-rub-your-head rythm that delights the Mexican ear.

Above these workers and their bosses is the road master. He is responsible for a strip of from one hundred to a hundred and fifty miles of track. He rides his stretch on a velocipede, if he is up to date, with a motor to it, a thing about as big as a grasshopper and just about as easy to ride. It will shy like a horse, jump switches, turn somersaults, and is generally cussed, but it gets over the ground. The road master doesn't mind weather, in fact rather likes it, and he must know all there is to road bed, ballast, ties, rails, plates and spikes. He must know where the next new ties are needed on his whole line, and how many. Yearly he demands so much money and wrings out what he can from the management and with that he performs miracles. He reports directly to the Superintendent of the division who is the connecting link in the management between right of way and motive power. He bosses both, and has to know both. The higher you go in railroading the more you must know, until when you finally arrive at the Presidency you must know it all from the shape of a spike to the composition and probable intentions of a Legislature.

(The next number will contain The Train Dispatcher.)

"NEMESIS"

BOYD SUMMERS

few years ago, I was travelling through Egypt with a small party of scientific men—archaeologists for the main part. We

journeyed up the Nile as far as ancient Thebes, then returned to Memphis, visiting on our journey the Sphinx, the pyramids, and many of the larger temples. Our last stopping place in Egypt was Heliopolis, in the delta of the Nile. A few miles from that city stood an ancient temple, seldom visited by tourists, and avoided by the natives with an unusual superstitious fear. It was not especially large, but its columns were more massive and better preserved than those of most of the temples we had visited.

Among our number was a young fellow named George Curtiss. He had been traveling about from place to place for the past nine years; he had visited points of interest all over the globe; and in course of time had become an enthusiastic student of archaeology. While in most respects he was bold as a lion, he was a trifle superstitious; and this superstition was enhanced by a too

vivid imagination.

On the last day of our visit to the old temple near Heliopolis, Curtiss went on a private tour of investigation. We all expected him to return in an hour at most. But one hour passed; then two; and Curtiss did not appear. Midday came and went—still no Curtiss. At two o'clock he was still missing. A search party was organized. We entered the old temple, and searched every nook and corner. But Curtiss was nowhere to be found. One of the party then led us to a large open doorway which he had found, and which we were sure had not been there the day before. We passed through it—and stopped suddenly; for we found ourselves in Stygian darkness, and who could tell what might lie before? We

lit our torches. It was well that we did, for at our feet was an apparently endless flight of broad stone steps, leading down into the darkness. descended the stairway, and in about ten minutes reached the bottom. We found ourselves in a large hall, the roof of which was supported by massive columns, some nine or ten feet in diameter, and appearing in the flickering torchlight, from eighty to one hundred feet in height. The old columns and walls were covered with reliefs and explanatory hieroglyphics, far larger and better carved than any we had before seen. We did not stop to try to decipher their meaning, but continued our search for Curtiss. There was hardly one chance in a thousand of our finding him in that vast subterranean hall, but luck was with us. We had gone but a little distance when we nearly stumbled on a dark object. It was Curtiss, face downward on the stone flags. We raised him up; his face was chalky white and bloodless; the lips were of a slight bluish tint; and his hair, which had before been black, was white as snow. He was conscious: his mind seemed absolutely clear; but his limbs refused to support his weight; he was apparently utterly nerveless.

"Don't go any further! It means death!" he cried anxiously. "Carry me out of this awful place. Let me see again the light of day. Quick, or it

may be too late!"

We carefully carried him up the stone steps and out of the temple. We laid him on his couch in our camp. He lay

as one dead.

One of the party went back to examine the doorway through which we had come, but was unable to find it. The door was closed. There was nothing save an apparently solid wall where the doorway had been.

After a time, Curtiss roused himself

from his lethargy and feebly called to us. When we gathered about him, he

began a remarkble tale.

"I know that I am as good as dead," he said. "I know that I am even now dying—that there is no hope of saving me. It is my fate that I should die here. But before I die, I will tell you the secret of the underground rooms. I will not die until I finish my story!' and his voice rose to a scream.

After a pause, he continued in a calm-

er tone.
"Yesterday afternoon I accidently found the hidden spring which opens the secret door to the stairway. So this morning, I provided myself with torches and a stick and started on a tour of exploration, leaving the secret door open behind me. I descended the stone stairway, and soon arrived at the bottom. In the great hall at the foot of the stairs, I found a sort of path where the stone floor was worn more deeply than in other places. I followed this path carefully, pausing now and then to examine the inscription on some column. At last I came to a wall. Here the path ended. On the wall before me was some of the most beautiful, the most delicately carved relief work that I have ever seen. I ran my hand over the surface to brush away the dust. In doing this I must have touched some hidden spring, for the wall rolled back, leaving an opening some ten feet wide and fifteen feet high. Without a moment's hesitation, I entered.

"I was in a large room with a vaulted roof at least seventy-five feet high. What first struck me was the fact that the room, while about one hundred feet wide and of endless length, did not contain a single column. As I stood there, a sweet fragrance, as of incense, I heard, or entered my nostrils. thought I heard, distant strains of wierd A feeling of awe, even fear, surged over me. I could feel the presence of an invisible something near me. I thought I could hear the flap—flap flap of great invisible wings in the air about me. I was rapidly becoming frightened. Within me was an ever-

increasing desire to run.

"'Pshaw,' I said aloud, 'it's only my imagination.'

"The sound of my voice, strained and unnatural as it was, reassured and encouraged me. I looked about me. On all sides were sarcophagi, and in them dead bodies-mummies, well preserved and defying the ravages of time. It was from the wrappings of these mummies, no doubt, that the fragrant in-

cense came.

"In the center of the room stood a large, beautifully carved stone platform in the shape of an ark. Rams' heads of beaten gold and surmounted with a solar disk of the same material, were placed in front and behind. A humanheaded sphinx, upright on a stand, guarded the prow; a man's figure stood at the stern holding the oar-helm. On the sides were statuettes of alabaster. But the striking feature was in the center of the ark. On a pedestal, almost concealed by snowy draperies, sat the figure of a man. It was excellently carved in some fine stone; its body was gilded; its hair and beard were coal black; its enameled eyes glittered strangely in the torch-light. I recognized it immediately as Amen-Ra, the Zeus of the Egyptians. On either side of the ark stood three mummies in upright sarcophagi. Another, of commanding appearance and striking features even in death, stood directly in front of the ark, and opposite me. These and the other mummies ranged around the walls, were evidently the dead priests of the god.

"Their dead eyes stared vacantly at me. My feeling of awe increased. I heard snatches of music from time to time-much louder than at first. It was a sort of wild, fierce chant. I thought to myself, 'That heavy incense must be affecting me in the same manner as opium. I must be having pipe-dreams. My ears are deceiving me.' I became convinced that the room and its contents were not real—that the music was the product of an overexcited brain. I moved toward the chief mummy. I touched it, confident that it would melt. But no! my finger encountered something solid. This was tangible at least. I roused myself with a shock. Just then a monster bat appeared from somewhere and circled about my head. I was startled—I

struck at it with my stick. It fell to the floor—I was maddened—I jumped upon it again and again—I ground it into the floor with my heel. At that moment a horrible shriek rang out! I looked up appalled. It had not come from the bat—it came from the dead lips of yonder mummy! My hair raised itself upright — the eyes of the mummies glared at me indignantly. The distant music became louder and louder, fiercer and fiercer, wilder and wilder. It was coming nearer—nearer -nearer. I wanted to run but I could not stir-I stood rooted to the floor, dumb with fright. The music rang louder and louder in my ears—it had a note of fiendish exultation-it wailed through the hall like the cry of a lost soul! Still I could not move. At last with a devilish wail, the music ceased. And as the last echoes died away, the lips of the nearest mummy moved an awful voice rang out in tones of righteous indignation—the dead man

spoke!
"'What shall be the punishment of this mortal, who dares to desecrate this holy place, who dares to spill blood in the temple of the most high Amen-Ra?' said the corpse in the Egyptian

tongue.
"'DEATH!' The answer rolled and

reverberated through the hall.
"'Desecrater of the temple of Amen-Ra, as you have dealt with this creature, so be it meted unto you! Prepare to

meet Death!'

"At the word, the music rose again it sounded like the fiendish chuckle of a maniac, a devil. A shudder seized me —the torch was dashed from my nerveless hand—it was extinguished upon the flags—the room was plunged into utter darkness. No! The sightless eyes of the dead priests gleamed like balls of living fire! There were thousands—millions of them! As I looked at the eyes of the nearest priest, I saw a dark form about the eyes. There was something there—it was not the face—it was a black shape with huge wings! The

souls of the dead priests had taken on the shape of bats to destroy me! The eyes were moving—I heard a flapping of wings. The bats—the souls—the devils -they were about to attack me!

"The music arose to a piercing shriek—then ceased with a crash. A strick—then ceased with a clash. A scream burst from my lips—the spell was broken—I ran. The eyes were pursuing me—they were on all sides of me! Wings flapped in my face—glaring balls of fire blinded me—bodies bumped against me! Terror stricken, I ran as never before. But the whirr of leathery wings remained in my ears—the flaring eyes still danced before mine. —I could not distance the shapes. The devils fastened on me—on my arms —on my neck—my face—my throat everywhere! I tried to tear them off-I tried to beat them away—but still they clung. I could feel them sucking the lifeblood from my veins! Terror gave me added strength—I ran on—on -on-. But always the shapes sapped my energy! My vitality ebbed out -I staggered—darkness closed around me—with a shriek I fell!"

Curtiss stopped. He put his hands over his face as if to shut out the horrible recollection. Suddenly a look of terror overspread his face—he beat wildly about him as if trying to strike some in-

visible monster.

"They're coming again!" he cried in an agony of fear. "I see their awful gleaming eyes! Can't you see them? Help me!—help me!—they are closing in on me again! Keep them off!—keep

them off!"

He raised himself to a sitting position—he beat madly at the air—he tore at his clothing and flesh. Then, before we could do anything for him, he fell back. His eyes took on a fixed lookhis limbs became rigid—his body became chill with the coldness of death. But even as he died, with a convulsive movement he ripped open his shirt from neck to waist. And behold! breast was crimson with clotted blood and gaping wounds!

THE GRAFTER

THE INFALLIBLE COLLECTION AGENCY

CHAPTER III

B. W. K.

T was but a few days after I sold my matrimonial business the last time that I started up what I later called "The Infallible Collection Agency," and, though it would have been impossible to have conducted a business consistent with the implications to be drawn from the firm name, nevertheless, as will be indicated in this story, I did a business for some months of which I was proud and which materially ameliorated my financial condition.

After considerable study as to what would be the most feasible method of procedure in formulating the principles of the business and considering the class of deadbeats with which I would have to deal, I decided to get up a series of circular letters, literature and pamphlets with which I thought I could elicit money from the most hardened deadbeats, regardless of any reluctance or aversion they may have previously maintained for paying their bills.

I realized that the class of accounts, notes and claims that would be sent to a collection agency would be only those which had almost been utterly given up by creditors after their own numerous futile attempts to collect, as it is only reasonable to assume that a creditor, before paying a fee for collecting the claim, is first going to be aware of the futility of his own efforts to collect.

And, too, before accounts are sent to a collection agency, a creditor will invariably prefer to first place them in the hands of some local attorney, who will show a debtor more leniency than the average collection agency; and generally, if a creditor can get his money and still retain a debtor's good will, he

generally prefers doing so and that is why accounts are generally placed in the hands of an attorney before they

reach a collection agency.

But only a very small proportion of outstanding claims are collected by attorneys because of the leniency shown the delinquent ones and the attorneys generally, after months of unsuccessful efforts to collect, return the claims to the creditors with advice that such are worthless. And, therefore, the reader can see that most accounts reaching my agency had previously been in the hands of other collectors who had given them up as worthless.

From the knowledge I had gained in the legal business I knew that the average attorney was altogether too lenient with the deadbeats and that the only way to collect such claims as I would receive would be to get up a series of letters and literature of such a threatening nature that a debtor, upon receipt thereof, would be frightened at my brazen, abusive and slanderous threats of "garnishment," or of "bringing suit," or of exposing him through the papers of his home town.

There are scores of deadbeats who are absolutely void of any honor or character whatever and who make it a practice to buy everything on time and, unless a creditor has a lien on what he has sold, he is generally later made to regret his lax business principles and credulity by selling on time to unknowns without first having made some previous investigation as to such debtor's integrity or financial responsibility.

And I knew it would be such people

And I knew it would be such people with whom I would have to deal, or rather from whom I would have to

collect, and the only way to get money from them would be to threaten them to such an extent that they would settle claims against them in preference to losing their position, to being garnisheed, or having a claim advertised for sale through local papers.

I was not long in getting up a series of letters, which I thought would "skeer' money out of most anyone whether I had a claim against them or not, and these letters later proved to do all that I thought they would when I was getting them up; with them succeeded in bringing home the money as I don't believe another collection agency in the United States succeeded in doing.

Of course, the reader will understand that such threats as "public exposure through papers of a debtor's home town" would be infeasible, in fact it would be utterly impossible to get any newspaper or publishing company to accept, for publication, an add offering for sale an account against anyone: Such an act on the part of a publishing company would be illicit, injudicious if future business was considered from deadbeats and, therefore, it can easily be seen that such threats would be effective only upon the ignorant, the credulous and persons most susceptible to intimidation.

And, too, the threats of bringing suit were never carried out: I never did believe in bringing suit and, during the years that I was in the collection business, I never brought suit but two or three times; my business principles were both systematic and methodical and, after putting a theory into practice, if it proved successful, I never deviated therefrom; bringing suit, too, would, in out-of-town cases, necessitate the employment of other attorneys, who, in nearly every case would retain most of the amount collected to which an attorney or collector would legally be entitled and, therefore, it can be seen that I would not have been financially benefitted by bringing suits, paying court costs and getting judgments against irresponsible people.

Judgments are absolutely valueless, or at least I consider them so, as a man who has money and is financially responsible is generally going to pay his just claims; judgments, therefore, are

generally obtained against persons of questionable and ill-reputable character and financial irresponsibility.

The series of circular letters or "duns" I had gotten up would apply to all cases. For instance, when a creditor places an account with a collection agency for collection he generally knows the whereabouts of a debtor and in what pursuit he is engaged, if any.

If a debtor was working on a steady salary and was getting a sufficiently large check to enable a collector to garnishee his wages, I had a letter that would appositely apply to his case: I would acquaint him with the creditor's futile attempts at collection; I would point out to him the fact that the claim was undoubtedly a just one when contracted and that he, the debtor, had certainly at one time received the full amount of the claim or the equivalent thereto; I would further state therein that a man who made it a business of beating his creditors was absolutely void of any character or honor whatever and that if one would ever attain any great success in this world, he must first establish his honesty and integrity, live up to it at all times and "do unto others as you would have them do unto you;" I would further acquaint him with the fact that "honesty is the best policy" and assure him, if he was disinclined to pay the claim in a nice way, that no leniency would be shown him whatever and that his wages would be garnisheed on a specified date, which would ultimately mean possibly the loss of position and the humiliation of explaining to friends the reason therefor, and an addition to a possibly already established reputation as a "dead beat." I would ask him if he was honest and if he wanted his name on the "dead beat list," copies of which would be disseminated through the streets of his home town; I would assure him that no man with an iota of conscience or desire to do what is right, would neglect to pay a just claim unless it was through an oversight or careless inadvertence.

I would further impress upon the delinquent one that, if he failed, neglected or refused to remit the amount due in compliance with my letter that he would later have good cause to regret his action; however, on the other hand, I assured him that I was inclined to be perfectly lenient with him and allow him to make monthly or weekly payments on the claim if he would but show a disposition to do what was right and could give me some good reason for his previous neglect to settle.

A great number of dead beats were soon making payments of five and ten dollars on large claims, whereas, had I insisted on full payment of the claim at once, I would never have succeeded in

getting a cent.

Well, after I had written up considerable advertising literature and gotten up an alluring little booklet in which I set forth my ability to "collect without fail," I began to advertise quite extensively in local papers. But this collection business was new and any business pays better after it has been in operation some weeks and, of course, I did not feel justified in advertising more extensively than what my daily receipts would warrant; therefore, I decided that, as my business increased, so would I increase my advertising proportionately.

One day a new thought came to me: I knew that of all claims, those of the doctors were the ones upon which a creditor would be most willing to pay an "exhorbitant" fee and I also knew that nearly every doctor has any number of outstanding accounts on his books, some of which run into the hun-

dreds of dollars.

Well, I procured, at a medical institute, the latest edition of Polk's Medical Directory, which was supposed, at time of issue, to have contained the name of every doctor, physician and surgeon in active practice in the United States. This valuable edition by Mr. Polk was about the size of Mother's Family Bible; it was printed on thin paper and a mere glance thereat would lead one to believe contained names of millions, rather than thousands of professional men.

I had twenty-five thousand envelopes printed bearing the return of "The Infallible Collection Agency;" I had already previously had a like number of each of my circulars, pamphlets, etc.,

printed and I immediately put Shorty at work, beginning at the A's to address envelopes to every person whose name was contained in said directory.

was contained in said directory.

Shorty would "knock out" about a thousand or fifteen hundred each day when he would later fill them with my deceptive and misleading literature; he would later stamp them and send them out "just for advertising purposes."

It was no time until I began to receive accounts, notes and claims of various nature against all classes of

people.

Some of the doctors would send in accounts by the hundreds and would, in their letter of transmittal, inform me that they had been utterly unable to inveigle a cent out of the debtors.

Some of the doctors would, of their own volition, signify their willingness to pay me whatever commission I had the nerve to take (and, believe me, dear reader, I never manifested any aversion to taking all that the law would en-

title me to.)

Frequently, in sending in accounts, creditors would state that they would be perfectly willing to give me the full amount of a claim if I could but collect it. But such proffered generosity on the part of a creditor did not increase my receipts, as I always believed in dealing with everyone "fair and impartially" and I seldom deviated from my terms "under any circumstances" and it was always my custom to charge fifty per cent for collecting unless a client would specify exactly how much he would pay when the accounts were placed with me: In the latter case, I would, rather than to lose the business, accept claims for twenty-five per cent, but never did I find myself guilty of collecting for a less fee.

In my advertising literature I tried to impress upon the creditors the fact that accounts, when turned over to a collection agency, are almost valueless as far as a debtor's willingness to pay is concerned; that persons who can pay and wouldn't pay of their own volition, or at least at a creditor's solicitation, should be made to pay; that I had a "new and systematic" method of collecting and that my "duns" were of such a threatening nature that a debtor would,

upon receipt thereof, endeavor to "break all speed records" to my office in order to square himself before I brought suit or garnisheed him, which would necessarily incur extra costs,

That my literature and plan as explained therein was heartily approved of by the physicians was being evidenced to to me stronger every day and my mail increased to such an extent every day that I had to put on a few additional clerks and stenographers after a few

weeks business.

My literature stated that I charged a fee of from ten to fifty per cent., depending entirely upon the amount of work necessarily incurred in making a collection. I explained to the creditors that my method of collecting was absolutely original and was the only collection agency in the United States then being conducted on a like plan; I further explained that I was sometimes put to considerable extra work and that, at times, in the collection of certain claims, considerable expenditures might be involved in the way of livery hire, hotel bills, etc. From the frequency with which the doctors began sending in accounts, they must have taken all my literature for granted; they must have drawn the conclusion therefrom that I could collect any amount from anyone at any time and possibly they thought I had been endowed with some "materialistic" powers, attributing my "collecting ability" thereto and thinking possibly that I could make money materialize and inveigle it out of dead beats whether they had it or not.

I always charged local clients the same fee as anyone else and frequently local men would call at the office, considerably incensed, and would take exceptions to the fee I had charged them for collecting and state that anything over ten per cent. was ridiculously exorbitant. But I would soon impress such clients that I had encountered many adverse difficulties in forcing the collection and that I certainly felt justified in retaining any portion of the sum collected to which I was legally entitled and inform him that I was en-

titled to fifty per cent.

But the fact of the matter was, I was

never put to any extra expense in making a collection. The collection of a claim for fifty cents would incur the same expense and be given exactly the same attention as would one for fifty dollars. This "extra expense gag" was merely put on for the purpose of assuaging the "irate clients" asperity of temper and to calm them. And, I thought such was perfectly all right, as the clients would sometimes become irate to such an extent that they would want to do me dire destruction and, if I could turn an irate client away by kindly but deceptive words, I preferred to do so rather than threaten him with annihilation or kick him down stairs.

One day a rather nice looking girl called at the office when the thermometer was registering about zero. I immediately noticed that she looked sad and down-hearted like and she removed from her muff a dun I had sent her. She was feeling so badly that she could hardly speak above a whisper.

Agency?" she inquired between sobs. "It is," I replied. "What's the matter?"

"I'll have to call off my engagement with Patrick Maloney now," she said, and she begun to cry as if her little heart was broken.

"No you won't," I said. "Why will

"I work in a shirt factory for threefifty a week and I've been putting Pat off for two years now because I have no clothes or no money and, by persistent effort, and the practice of economy, I have managed to save fifty cents a week during that time. I now have a little over fifty dollars, which I thought would be enough to cover the cost of my wedding trosseau, and Pat and I were to be married just two weeks from to-day. If I have to pay this bill I will have to call it all off.

I reached for the dun and she handed it to me. I saw that her name was Margaret Cassidy; that Shorty had sent her a dun for \$30.00, which a doctor alleged was due him account pro-

fessional services rendered.

"Well, Margaret, just leave it to me, and I'll see that your engagement with Patrick Maloney is not broken."

She listened attentively and ceased

her sobbing.

"You see, Miss Cassidy, I had no way of knowing who you were. When accounts are sent to this agency I know not whether the debtor is a dead beat or whether the failure to pay has been because of financial adversities, and the only way I can ascertain definitely is to send, these duns out. Had I known more of you, Miss Cassidy, I would never have sent you this dun. Please be seated."

Well, I moved my chair closer to the desk and reached for my check book and receipt book pad. I wrote out a "receipt in full" and handed it to her. She started to hand me the money. "No, Miss Cassidy, just keep your money. The account is paid now, or at least

I'll square it with the doctor."

Her face bore an aspect of infinite happiness as she thanked me and

started to leave the office.

"Just a minute and I'll have something else for you." She paused, releasing her hold on the door knob, and looked around disconcerted like. I wrote out a check for \$30.00 and handed it to her, "Take this," said I, "it will help some."

She at first refused; but I told her I had plenty and, after considerable persistency, she reached for the check.

"I don't know how I can ever manifest my appreciation," she said, "neither do I know who you are, but you have made me awfully happy. "Thank you," she said as she left the office.

"You're entirely welcome, Margaret,"

said I.

AN INFLEXIBLE RULE

After I began to increase my advertising locally I soon received accounts and claims against all classes of people of all professions.

As claims were received, it was the duty of Shorty to record them in a book

for that purpose.

One day he came to me with an account against a prominent physician, whose office was located directly across the hall from my office. Shorty said he thought I might not want to dun this party on account of his prominence and immediate propinquity to the office and

he asked whether he should book the

account.

"Sure," said I, "book the account, note or claim you receive regardless of who it is against and send the same form of dun to all with no exception. There is no more reason why a Governor or Senator should be allowed to evade a just debt than should a laborer or scavinger."

"I understand," said Shorty, and he again resumed the booking of accounts aginst delinquents and dead beats.

One day the Chief of Police, accompanied by two officers, entered the office in a much perturbed state of mind. The Chief had a telegram in his hand.

"Is the proprietor in?" he asked.

"He is," said I.

"I have a telegram here," said the Chief, "signed by a prominent citizen, philanthropist and steel magnate of New York City, which reads as follows:

"What kind of a black mailing society is being conducted by the Infallible Collection Agency, your City? Investigate and PLACE UNDER ARREST any member or members thereof if refuse to give out information as to alleged note they hold against me."

"What have you to say?" asked the

 Chief .

"I must have the name of the party by whom it was sent," said I, "before I

can talk with you.'

"It's Chester A. Bradbury, a millionaire steel magnate of New York City and a politician of world wide repute."

"I don't understand," said I.

"I am of the opinion that you know all about it," says the C. of P. "and we are here for information and propose to get it or you can consider yourself under arrest. Which do you prefer?"

"Be calm," interrupted Shorty, "he knows absolutely nothing of the claim. I am a clerk," he continued, "in this office and my duties consist of booking claims as they are received and sending duns to the parties from whom they are due. I remember distinctly of recently having received a note for collection against one William Bradbury in the sum of \$1500.00 and bearing eight per cent. interest from date. This note

was sent to this agency by one Foster L. Smith, a commission merchant of Vicksburg, Mississippi. He stated, in his letter of transmittal, that William Bradbury, who had given the note, was deceased; he further stated, however, that the said William Bradbury had a wealthy son in New York City, who could well afford to pay the note and that if the matter was taken up in the right way with the said Chester A. Bradbury, the latter would, in all probability, be glad to settle it, as it was a just note although outlawed. I therefore sent Chester A. Bradbury a dun for fifteen hundred dollars and interest from date of the note.'

"Have you a copy of this dun?" said

the Chief of Police?
"I have," said Shorty.
"Out with it," says the C. of P.

Shorty glanced at me furtively and I acquiesced with a surreptitious nod and Shorty produced the following copy:

'Chester A. Bradbury, "Lock Box 4321, N. Y. C.

"SIR:

"ARE YOU HONEST?

"I hold for collection a note against you dated February 16, 1880, for \$1,500.00 and interest from date at the rate of eight per cent. in favor of Foster L. Smith. Mr. Smith has made a strong appeal to you to pay this claim but you are apparently dead to all sense of honor, honesty and gratitude, and I have instructions to sue and advertise this note for sale in your home papers. My client does not propose to be beaten out of this money, which is justly due, without making every effort to collect it, consequently there is but one course to pursue; that is, to adopt means other than coaxing to make this collection; means that will teach you, by bitter experience that, aside from the question of honesty, it costs far more to try to evade the payment of a just debt than it costs to honestly pay it in the first place.

"If the tone of this letter seems harsh or if your intentions are misjudged, you certainly must realize the fact that your neglect to settle is the cause and you can readily right yourself by remitting the amount. Otherwise, as stated above, we will file suit against you and advertise the claim for sale in the papers of your home town.

'Awaiting your immediate remittance

we are.

"Maliciously and disrespectfully, "THE INFALLIBLE COLLECTION AGENCY"

"A great letter to send to a millionaire, or any other person who is financially responsible," comments the Chief of Police, after he had read it.

"It's the only kind of letter," said I, "that will elicit money from the class of dead beats with which I have to deal, but I know nothing of this particular dun being sent or I would have made an exception, after taking into account the financial responsibility of the

"Will your clerk make an affidavit to the effect that you knew nothing about this and that the note is not

"I will with pleasure," says Shorty, "as far as this office being implicated

in the forgery is concerned.

The Chief of Police and his trusty tin-starred assistants left the office and the incident was not again brought to my attention until I was disbarred from the practice of law some time later.

"We don't deviate from our terms under any circumstances," said Shorty.

"Never," said I.

One day a big husky six-footer bolted into the office in a much perturbed state of mind. He was carrying one of my duns in his hand and, as soon as he entered the office, it was obvious to me that his animosity had been aroused to the very highest degree. "Show me the man," said he, "who

addressed this to me.

Well, being the most considerate chap ever and not being in training, I paused a while before answering.

"I am he," said I, "and if you were accustomed to paying your bills and was an honest man you would never

have received that dun."

"Well," said the irate one, "honesty don't enter into this game and the object of my errand here is to demand an apology or get revenge. Which do you prefer?"

He was about the size of a Chicago policeman, possibly a little larger, and looked husky enough to juggle three barrels of lard for thirty minutes without a fumble, and I considered well for a few minutes.

"I never have, or never will" said I, "do anything for which I would offer

an apology."

He started across the room after me and I sidled over to my desk and, from an open drawer, withdrew a Colts automatic 44 revolver which I leveled at him; and with which I thought I might have to percolate his anatomy in order to avert my being annihilated.

"A forty-four talks loud," said I, "and you'd just as well back up and go

down stairs.

Well, the gent of a sudden became as docile as a lamb and complied with my request without the slightest reluctance or hesitation. (Possibly I would have hastily retreated too had I been in his shoes, as it is "rawther" embarassing to scrutinize the inside workings of the business end of a fortyfour.)

In twenty minutes by the clock the gent reappeared on the scene accom-

panied by a policeman.

Well, the big man immediately pointed me out to the cop and informed him that I was the guilty wretch who had first wounded his feelings by sending him a slanderous and abusive dun and later had drawn the gun on him with malicious and intimidating intent.

The cop informed me that I was under arrest, producing a warrant to which the irate one had just sworn, in order to assure me that there was no mistake about the matter and that I had just as

well go along.

The policeman asked me, before we left the office to produce the gun with which I had intimidated the dead beat. He wanted it for evidence to use in the case, which was scheduled to come up in police court the following day.

"Are you not aware," said I, addressing the bluecoat, "that this is all a joke? I emphatically deny having drawn a gun on this man who has sworn out a warrant for my arrest. The weapon with which I intimidated him was a faucet, which I will produce when the case comes up in court and not before. And, too, in corroboration of my con-

tention I will produce four witnesses who will testify to the fact that it was a faucet and that this man who has sworn out the warrant had advanced toward me with blood in his eyes in my own office with destructive intent."

"That don't listen good to me," says the cop. "I have a warrant for your arrest and you'll have to come on down to the station and there will be a time later when it can be proven just what the weapon was; and, too, just save your wind and tell it to the judge."

Well, I went to the station without offering the least resistance as I was against too much odds. But, as I went I was making up my testimony and discussing the most feasible method of self-exculpation when the case would come up. Of course, during this near altercation in the office, no one was present but the irate one and I, but I decided that the testimony would show that there were and I also decided that there were witnesses. I had the whole thing mapped out before I arrived at the station and was booked by the magistratrate.

In my answer to the plaintiff's petition I would aver that the claim against the party dunned was a just and equitable one and should have been paid long ago; that I had repeatedly sent the gent letters and duns requesting that same be paid, but that all were ignored and not the slightest attention paid thereto; I would further, in my answer, aver that the said plaintiff had a local reputation as a dead beat and that it was his custom to purchase everything on time and dupe his creditors.

I also planned that I would, as soon as I was booked at the station and got out on bond, immediately hold a conference with Colonel David Peter Simpkins, John Hawkins and two or three other grafters with whom I had long been in association and who were a credit to the profession; they would make most excellent witnesses, as no one of them would need many instructions on any "flim-flam" game

on any "flim-flam" game.

Well, I called all these estimable gentlemen up by phone as soon as I had been released from the station and I called a conference at my office for that afternoon when we might all get to-

gether and rehearse for the scheduled

We all agreed that all those present at the conference were present when the deadbcat entered the office to do me dire destruction and seek revenge; we further agreed that it was a faucet with which I intimidated the delinquent one, instead of a forty-four revolver as the plaintiff alleged; we further agreed that said Simpkins, Hawkins and the other two present would testify as above and we would not only offer such testimony, but we would further offer the faucet in evidence to refute the acccusations of the plaintiff.

Well, we rehearsed four times that afternoon for this police court drama as the dramatization thereof was scheduled for the next day. But, four times acquainted each self-alleged witness with his part and, when the conference and rehearsal adjourned, we felt cocksure that no great difficulty would be encountered

in the refutation of that which the plaintiff averred. The case was scheduled for 3:00 p.m. the next

At 2:00 p. m. the following day I drove around in my Peerless car to the home of each of the four grafters and we all went to the station in a body. We had the dangerous faucet to offer in evidence and each and every one of us was willing to swear to anything in my favor.

At 2:45 we were in police court waiting for the Judge to call the case and for the arrival of the plaintiff, and the reader can imagine that we all wore a look of confidence.

At 3:00 p. m. the case was dismissed account of the non-appearance of the plaintiff and each of us were keenly disappointed because we all knew our parts so well and had been looking forward to this police court drama with anxious anticipation.

THE GIRL WITH A CHARM

Of all the girls I've ever known
I'd crown cousin Lotty queen.
Tho' she hasn't the style of Jenny, or Kate,
Not so pretty, quite, as Corine;
But there's something so winnin' about her way,
Some how an infinite charm
In the way she hands me the biscuits at tea,
An' I like the curve of her arm
As she gently inclines the plate to me
Sayin', "Johnny, take one, take two, if you like,
They're so small, Johnny, take three."

If you happen to live on a Kansas farm
An' your'e a red-headed boy—like me—
An' you come in at night so hungry and gaunt
'At you feel like you c'd swaller the sea,
You'll agree with me
If you live on a farm—
About Lotty's charm—
When you're so hungry, at tea.

-Arrena Catherine Williams

MAVERICK THE

J. M. WALSH

O, A'nt Ann. Cold wind, ain't it?"

Miss Ann Farley had just stepped out upon the front porch of her home when, hearing herself addressed, she looked and saw Tom Dole drawing his team of big black mules to a standstill before her gate.

"Yes, Tom, that wind is mighty cold," she answered, shivering in her advancing age. "But it's coming from the west, and that old livery stable shields the house some. I wish that old thing

was away from there though.'

"Oh, they ain't much danger of that a burnin', A'nt Ann, if the boys do smoke a lot in it," reassured Tom who understood her fears. Then, changing the subject, "How's A'nt Milly feelin' this mornin'?" as he began to jerk his lines preparatory to starting his team.

"Her cold's broke, but the medicine makes her stupid. She feels weak and

hasn't got up this morning."

As the big mules lazily tightened their tugs and the wheels of the feed wagon began slowly to turn, Tom called out over his shoulder—always when he stopped on business he waited till starting before telling it: "Thought I'd stop an' tell you I'd bring you them pigs you been wantin'. They's two got in with the fattenin' hogs an' they'll get smothered if I don't get em' out. So I'll ketch 'em this mornin' an' bring 'em as I come from feedin'.''

"Wish you would, Tom, We feel lost since we killed ours the other day, and we have quite a lot of slop. Just put them in the pen out there. Milly may not feel like being up and I'll likely be up at Stewart's when you come."

Tom Dole knew that any kindnesses shown Miss Ann Farley and her sister, Mrs. Milly Allen, with whom she lived, would be appreciated; and, as they

lived alone, there were many favors which he might show "Aunt Ann" and "Aunt Milly," as they were familiarly called by the people of the little town of Stoneville.

Slowly driving along its main street behind his team of big mules, a little dog perched on the seat beside him. Tom Dole was one of the familiar sights

of the village.

For nearly thirty years, off and on, he had worked for Wiley Stone, the founder of the town. Though now he neared his sixtieth milestone, he still faithfully served his old employer. Uncouth, unkempt he scorned a pride of personal appearance. With his tangled, matted hair under a greasy old cap, his shaggy eyebrows and coarse, grimy beard, his overalls and jumper reeking with dirt, he was the very antipathy to personal cleanliness. Added to this was a clumsy, unprepossessing figure with large protruding stomach, and when he walked it seemed that it was with difficulty that he ambled along in his slow, shuffling gate.

Yet, paradoxical as it may seem, there was nothing repulsive about Tom Dole. This morning as he halted at the postoffice and entered to get his weekly paper, from all sides came the friendly "Lo, Tom."

Among those gathered at the post-office, which was in one corner of the drugstore, to get the nine o'clock mail were Wiley Stone and Rev. Winter, the village minister. The two were leaning against a showcase in conversation when Tom, after receiving his mail, came up to them, giving Stone a cigar and offering one to the minister who declined with:

"No, thank you, Brother Dole; I

can't afford to use such things."

"All right, preacher. That leaves one more for me," Tom laughed, his little eyes becoming almost invisible in his good humor. Then looking at Stone, with a wink, he went on:

"These preachers 're curi's—don't smoke, don't drink, what the h-l they

live fer, anyhow?"

"Ah, Brother Dole," quickly answered the minister, "they live to enlarge Christ's kingdom here on earth—to bring the lost sheep back into the fold. Why don't you come to the services? I've been here nearly a year and you've

never come to church yet."
"No," with a chuckle; "and if you stay as long again you won't see me there. Church-goin's all right fer them that want to sport fried shirts an' set up an' look purty, but it's too d-d tame fer me. A hoss race or a

bronch bustin' suits me better."
"Why, Brother Dole," remonstrated the minister, "you shouldn't speak with such disrespect of so holy an institution as the church. Why not throw off your

sins and come into the fold?"

Tom had ambled toward the door where, turning, he replied, "It's no use, preacher. You can't git no brand on me; I'm jest a d——d maverick. You go on an' round up all you can, an' let the d-d mavericks go," the door closed behind him.

"A strange piece of humanity, that," said Stone as he thrust his unlighted

cigar into his pocket.
"Yes, yes," answered the young minister. "He's the queerest mortal I've ever met. Some who are ungodly attempt to be pious in a minister's presence, but not so with him. He doesn't try to appear what he is not."

"No," said Stone, "unless he tries to appear worse than he really is." Then growing confidential, Stone went on:

"Why, I could hardly run my ranch without him. There's never a little pig goes astray but he knows it and brings it back: and never an orphan calf but he cares for it; nor a fence left down but he knows it. He follows the other hands, and if they shirk their work, he does it over. He's slow but he'd stay at it all night rather than leave a horse thirsty or a cow unmilched.

"He's rough on the outside; but he's got a heart in him as big as a mule's and he'd die for me. He came from a cow

camp to me, and drove stage for me all over Western Kansas, before the railroads came. He's too big-hearted ever to have anything for himself; he'd spend the last cent he had for a child or even for his dogs."

"He drinks too, doesn't he?" broke in the minister, ever alert to the soul short-

comings in man.

"Yes; drinks anything that has the taste of whiskey or alcohol about it. Why, there isn't a store here that will sell him even flavoring extracts. But when he can't get other drink, he uses

patent medicine.

"He's getting along in years now, and will soon be unable to support himself by work. But you can't make him see that, and he'd give his last dollar for a worthless bauble to please a child for a moment. Why, what he spends for cigars for me would half keep him in clothes. But he doesn't care for clothes only to keep him comfortable. I've even tried to hire him to clean up and put on decent clothes; but he only says, "You'll never git no d-—d fried shirt on me." He never changes his clothes, but keeps them on till they are worn out. He sleeps over in a room in the barn, his dogs for bedfellows.

"A queer, queer character," said the preacher as he and Stone drifted toward the door, the one to go to his room to resume his studies, the other to look after the affairs of his big stock farm

which adjoined the town.

"Yes," was the rejoinder, "and a faithful old fellow he is. When you see him drive back through here this afternoon, you'll know that every hog in those lots has been cared for, though there are more than four hundred of them.

"My, but that's a bitter wind," said the minister as he turned westward

toward his rooms, facing it.

"Yes; and this is one time I'm going right and you wrong, even if you are a preacher," jested the other as he pro-ceeded up the street, his back to the freezing wind.

As the day wore on it became colder and the wind stronger till in the afternoon, it was so disagreeable that most

outside work ceased.

At this time when everyone was in-

side, a cry went up from the livery stable, "Fire, fire!"

The stable being in the east part of town and the high wind from the west, few heard the cry. But with the rapidity with which such alarms spread, a crowd of men was soon attracted to the place, to find assistance useless. The old frame structure, its loft filled with loose hay, was burning like a match, and fanned by the high wind, it became enveloped in flame so quickly that not one of the twenty horses inside could be rescued.

"Mrs. Allen's Someone shouted, house," when like a flash it came to the minds of the excited men that Mrs. Allen's house, which was just east of the stable, would be burned, and maybe one or both of its occupants with it. A mad rush around the north of the flaming mass, and there before the horror stricken crowd was the house

wrapped in flames.

The stable being higher than the house, and the wind being so strong, the great tongue of fire had licked into flame the whole exterior of the house which was melting away as if it had been paper.

The crowd, dumb with the awful consciousness that rescue was hopeless, heard some new-comer shout, **'**Aunt Milly's in there sick, but I saw Aunt Ann go to Stewart's a while ago."

The young minister who was in the crowd, found voice to answer, "O my God; she'll perish! To try to rescue her

would be suicide!"

"Suicide h—l," came from behind him. Turning, he saw Tom Dole dragging an old rug from the clothesline nearby, enveloping his head and shoul-

ders in it.

Spurred on by Dole's remark, and bubbling over with the willingness to make sacrifice, which emanates from a noble soul, and fired by the exuberant daring of youth, the minister, pulling his hat over his eyes, sprang toward the flame-enveloped doorway.

He made but one leap, however, when he was roughly thrust back as Tom Dole hissed in passing him, "Stay back, you d—d crazy preacher. Who the h—l's goin' to preach here if you git

y'r d—n fool self roasted!"

The door to which Dole fought his way opened onto a porch; but the top of the porch was falling in. Those who saw him struggling among the flames at the door expected to see him overcome before gaining entrance. But with what protection the rug gave him, and with his capacity for physical endurance, he was enabled to disap-

pear on the inside.

In breathless silence the crowd waited not expecting again to see either of those inside. After waiting, what seemed to them an age, but in reality but a few seconds, a blazing mass came through the doorway. It tottered, stumbled, fell from the edge of the burning porch floor, struggled upward again, fighting against the flames and smoke, slowly neared safety, staggered, fell-away from the flames; and as it did so, Dole's burden fell from his arms.

Willing hands hastened the two from the glowing furnace, to find Mrs. Allen rousing from a swoon, and little burned, so protected she had been by the rug wound around her. But Dole, poor fellow, was so charred about the face and head that no one would have re-

cognized him.

Gentle hands made him as comfortable as was possible, but he gasped only a few times and lay still; when Wiley Stone, who knelt at his head, huskily whispered, "He's gone-gone to the

great roundup.

The minister, kneeling beside the prostrate form, looked into the face of the speaker and slowly repeated, "To the great roundup." Then, the light of sudden joy coming into his face, he went on in tones as of repeating a prayer of thanksgiving, "And he's not a maverick now, but branded by Him whose pastures are always green."

"SWEET AND LOW"

Z. MUNSON

Sweet and low, sweet and low Wind of the western sea, Low, low, breathe and blow Wind of the western sea, Over the rolling waters go, Come from the dying moon and blow, Blow him again to me; While my little one, my pretty one, sleeps.

O sang the children in Miss Emerson's primary department of the public school. They sang lustily, as children unabashed, glorying in their proficiency, enjoying the rythm of the words and the music.

Miss Emerson stood before them, baton in hand, directing the singing, and every child in the room religiously watched the little black stick move up and down, now to the right, now to the left, and followed carefully the time Their bright eyes never marked. wavered from teacher and baton, and sometimes, the inspiration of it brought renewed vigor to the notes.

"Now, children, we will sing the sec-ond verse, but not so loud this time,"

admonished the teacher.

And right willingly came the curious mixture of childish treble:

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon; Rest, rest, on mother's breast, Father will come to thee soon; Father will come to his babe in the nest, Silver sails all out of the west Under the silver moon; Sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep.

It was visitor's day at the Webster street primary school, and proud mammas were present to note the progress made by young hopefuls since last recitation day, albeit their presence might also be an encouragement to the painstaking young teacher.

Perhaps it was this which influenced Miss Emerson in insisting that her flock reflect the greatest modicum of credit in their exercises, for at the conclusion of the second verse, she said:

"Now we will sing it again, and the two little girls who want to show how well they know the song, will please not sing so loudly this time.

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,"

she began, and the children took it up and sang it sweetly and earnestly

through to the last line.

It is doubtful if Alfred Tennyson, when he wrote the lines of this sweet lullaby, dreamed that it would take its place in the first primer of the public schools of the land, and furnish the words for the first song of primary choruses. It is likewise doubtful if he then realized the infinite charm which the sweet rythm of the words possesses for childish minds, or how they sway to the sentiment he had embodied.

"Teacher, let's sing 'Sweet and low,' " was a common request of the children

in Miss Emerson's school.

It is, however, a matter of certain knowledge, that one little boy went home from the Webster street primary exercises that afternoon, with "Sweet and low" running through his little mind most persistently, fascinating him as he had never before been fascinated The children singing had been a revelation to him, out of which emerged great possibilities for future thought and day dreams; but "Sweet and low" took hold of the senses, and he seemed to be drifting along on the intoxication of it.

Tommy Taylor, aged four, had coaxed his mother to take him to "Immie's school." Cousin William was his pattern and inspiration. And also, Cousin William's eight years profoundly im-

pressed him.

The school room was all new and strange to Tommy. The little desks and seats engaged his attention almost

exclusively, and when the teacher allowed him to sit in one, his interest in the affair was unbounded. He listened attentively to the recitations, gravely adjusting himself to each new impression, but not until the singing commenced did the unusual manifestations of sheer delight come into evidence. He looked around at his mother with a queer little smile of genuine enjoyment, gulped a deep sigh, and yielded to the soft, trembling flutter that touched the responsive chord in his Open-mouthed, little baby soul. childish wonderment drifted into quiet, restful elysium, and his mother feasted her eyes upon him in thankfulness.

Tommy Taylor had had four birthdays, the last celebrated with birthday cake, four brightly-burning candles, several neighborhood playmates, and

much decoration.

Tommy had been suitably impressed at the outlay and the importance of the festivities. This matter of years was becoming a grave question with him, especially in moments of serious discussion with his father and mother.

Mrs. Taylor had assured him upon one occasion and another that the time of special privilege and great promise began when he would be six, and as Tommy gained some small comprehension of the relative value of figures, the fascination of "six" increased. So many small beginnings would be possible then, and so many great longings satisfied, that his little mind forbore much of immediate worry, and "six" was not really the bugaboo that it might have been.

At firecracker time when his father gravely explained that parental solicitude required parents to do all the exploding of firecrackers for their little boys, Tommy had delved deeper into the subject, and asked:

'When can I shoot them, Daddy?"

To which father had replied:

"When you are six."

Tommy received this set-back philosophically, and was not long in reaching a most unusual decision, insisting that the firecrackers be saved intact until "six" came, and refusing to allow his father to pop another one. "Mudder!" he asked one day after the visit to the school, "when I am six will I go to school with Immie?"

"Yes, my boy."

"An' will I have books an' slate an' pencils, an' a desk?" he persisted.

''Sure.''

"An' learn to sing?"

"Sure."

With the characteristic tact of his elders he had led up to the point that interested him most.

"Do you want to learn how to sing?"

she asked.

"Yes. To really sing. Like Immie." "Would you like to learn how to sing 'Sweet and low?'" asked the mother, tenderly.

"Yes, Mudder." He drew closer to her, affectionately. The subject

opened up possibilities.

"Well, to-morrow we will try and learn it. Mudder will borrow William's school book," she explained.
"Can you sing 'Sweet and low' like teacher, Mudder?" he asked.

"Yes, dear," she answered, imprinting a kiss on the sober little interroga-

ting face.

That afternoon at school had been a revelation of potentialities to Tommy Taylor. He was a good boy, he knew, and the unquestioned liberty of action allowed him at home, on honor, had not been infringed upon or circumstances in any manner, at the school. Hence, as "Mudder" was his passport and his miracle-worker on all occasions, it was but natural that in his reasonings, he should deduce certain success for this "Sweet and low" project.

However, not seeing the necessity of

husbanding his own efforts to sing "Sweet and Low," until the time of borrowing William's book, Tommy took up the task on his own initiative, and all through the day he could be heard humming the words to himself in a self-conscious, timid little whisper, the

one line:

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,"

This persistent humming of this one alluring line, and the encouraging assistance he got from "Mudder" with her unexpected hugs, her bear-like squeezes and big kisses, was what led up to the big tragedy of "Sweet and low," and

resulted in the breaking of two hearts, one, a little man's heart, and the other a big "Mudder's" heart.

Gaining confidence steadily from his repeated trials, first on the pussy-cat, the toy circus and the Teddy-bear col-lection, and then on "Mudder" herself he sought larger and more public fields of endeavor.

Safely entrenched behind the loving encouragement of "Mudder," and the mute admiration of the clowns of the toy circus. Teddy-bear, the pussy-cat, and grave-faced Dinah, none of whom could say him nay, or fail to approve, he essayed to step proudly upon the stage of his own little theatre and enthrall the audience of his little world.

He sought the front sidewalk, and Mildred, the little girl on the porch next door, aged six, was his audience. "Mudder" watched from the win-

dow.

Bare-footed, bare-headed, with a drum stick for his baton, he faced the porch next door, courageously, and with the light of inspiration reflecting in his sensitive little face, for all the world a soldier ready to dare and do. His golden-brown curls, picked up tenderly by the wind, played lightly over his brow. Resolutely, he pushed them

Beating time with his baton as he had seen the teacher do, he sang:

"Sweet and low, sweet and low,"

The tone was a childish treble, but it had a strident, unmusical quality. Tommy could not carry a tune. Much as he adored the sound of music, he could not himself make harmony.

The little girl on the porch laughed. "Mudder" heard it all, and a pang shot through her loving heart, at her

son's deficiency.

Undaunted, he tried again, moving his stick up and down, and back and forth, as he had seen the teacher do. The force of his high purpose kept him steadfast and strong with faith in him-

The little girl laughed again, derisively, for she could sing and carry tunes, and the ludicrousness of it all was not lost upon her.

One last attempt he made, before her

ridicule beat down the ramparts and drove him to the shelter of his mother's arms to sob out the great disappoint-

ment he did not understand.

"I am singing 'Sweet and low,' Mildred,—I am singing 'Sweet and low,'" and suiting the action to the word, he sang it again bravely, and unwhipped by her derision; beating time with his drumstick clenched tightly, as if the importance of this should not be overlooked in the final sum-up of his performance.

But the little girl only laughed again, and yelled teasingly: "Aw! You can't sing, Tommy. That ain't no tune for 'Sweet and low.'"

With a rush of sobs Tommy dropped his baton, and sped across the grass and up the steps into his mother's arms. She was waiting for him at the door, with eyes dimmed and heart strings

tightened.

Together they cried it out, and patched it up, and soothed and smoothed and cheered, as mothers and little four-yearold men are wont to do, and Tommy came back to the realities and promises of life, with a philosophy, that while newly patched and mended, was still quite sufficient to serve him as a firm support for a new term of days.

Mrs. Taylor's mind hearkened back to an anecdote the boy's father had told of his childhood, when he sang in the boy's chorus at the Fourth of July cantata, and the lady instructor at the piano, had asked him to stand close to her, that she might decide if it was his voice that was spoiling the music.

Mrs. Taylor sighed. Her own life had been musical, and she had dreamed of breathing into her son that Godgiven talent of melody, when the soul of music rises spontaneously to the lips and burst forth in rich, full-throated harmony.

But it seemed it was not to be. Her son had inherited his father's intense appreciation only, and she must be

satisfied.

When the father came home that evening, Tommy climbed upon his knee as usual, but with a more plainly evident purpose. Curling himself into the position he liked the best, with his head on a shoulder and his knees drawn up to his chin, he approached the tragedy: "Daddy!"

"Yes, boy."

"I sang 'Sweet and low,' to-day—"
"You did? Well, that's fine."
"—An' Mildred laughed at me."

The little voice trembled.

"Well, well, Mildred wasn't very nice to you, was she?"

"No," There was a big sigh, and then:

"Daddy?"

"When will I learn to sing?"

"When you're six, boy, when you're six," responded the father, promptly.
"Will that be soon enough?"
"Yes," was the answer, and, with a

tremulous sigh, he was again con-

THE COMPACT

We plighted our troth 'neath the half-moon's light, And the night wind sobbed and sighed; Her eyes shone black and her cheek was white, As I vowed her my future bride. We swore by the waters that always flow, By the stars above, by the earth below, That always together our souls should go, Whatever might betide.

Our love was not of the transient kind That flickers and flames and dies, But a union of body and soul and mind-An echo from Paradise, 'Twas a joyous madness akin to pain, Consuming as fire, yet fine as rain That whitens and smothers the bright-bronzed plain, Where stricken summer lies.

Our love was pure as the drifted snow, As strong as the molten chain; And you never will know (for you never can know) The depths of its blessed pain. For the God who governs the stars above Sent down from Eden a snow-white dove, Which bore us the chastening white-hot love That shall never be known again.

But my sweetheart weakened and drooped and died, With a plea on her lips for me; And the heavens above nor the world beside Have never a charm for me. For our souls were blended into one, (Though I am left and she is gone) And we'll roam together when Time is done—-Through all Eternity!

—J. L. Simpson

WAS KANSAS THE ORIGINAL SITE OF THE GARDEN OF EDEN?

J. M. BURWELL

and landed on San Salvador, he found the land peopled by red men which he named Indians, because he thought he had sailed around the world, or nearly so, from his starting point in Spain and fancied he was in India. Columbus never knew that he had "discovered" a continent, and it was many long years thereafter before science knew he had re-discovered a continent. Nearly every ancient race of Europe and Asia have a legend or a history of the discovery of another continent in the East or West, as the case may be, and that some or all of the ancient peoples did discover America or at least came and cruised along its shores, there is scarcely any doubt. European nations came across the Atlantic, and those of Asia across Behring Strait or by way of Aleutian Islands and the Pacific or, perhaps, aided by the lost continent of Lemuria. There is a legend of an expedition from Ireland headed by St. Brandan nearly a thouse headed by St. Brandan nearly a thousand years before the coming hither of Columbus, and these not only discovered this continent, but here planted a religious settlement and traded with the natives. The Danes came by way of Iceland and Greenland and left us a well

HEN Columbus came over here

When science began to dig up the records of races that had "gone before" in America, it slowly dawned upon them that the claim of antiquity by Asia and Europe was decidedly not proved and that the only really ancient thing is our own America.

defined map of the country as far south

as the Great Lakes.

Recent discoveries have shown that the art of working metals originated with the natives of the present Mississippi valley; that the camel, the horse, cattle and most of the present useful grains and food plants were first domesticated and improved for use by humanity on this continent, and probably here in the Central West, of which Kansas is the center. No amount of research in Europe and Asia has ever revealed a time when the useful grains and domestic animals were not well known. Their origin is buried in too deep an antiquity for the continent.

All recent researches lead to the belief that this, and not the Old World, is the cradle of the human race. America had a civilization that was marvelous, and reached from the northern part of Alaska to Peru before Egypt emerged from primordial mud; before the first legend of the Hebrews was conceived; before India or China had evolved the art of writing or advanced beyond the semi-nomadic.

The original civilization on this continent was confined to a narrow belt on the west coast of the Appalachian mountains, then new, with insurmountable peaks and forbidding declivities. The coast was rock-bound and all progress and refinement was inland on the western slope, which met the sea somewhere in Colorado and New Mexico.

This humid plain was as fertile then as now and those early aborigines made immense strides in the arts and industries. A small territory of which Kansas is the center was the neucleus around which was built an inhabited and civilized continent. The "Garden of Eden" may have been in Kansas. Adam and Eve may have been the first pair to evolve from the animal forms around them and have lived in it. Tubal Cain may have been the first

metal worker, or he may merely symbolize the beginning of this important industry; at any rate there is little doubt that he or some other began working metals somewhere in this vicinity and perhaps in the copper deposits of Montana and Idaho or along the shores of Lake Superior. Nearly all the copper tools found in the world were found in this cradle of civilization, and of a surety the copper age must have preceded the bronze age, since man would use copper to make tools before he would learn to smelt copper and tin together to make bronze. It is also a demonstrated fact that America furnished the copper and made the tools and weapons of offense and defense for the barbarians of Europe and the territory contiguous Mediterranean. proved by their similarity of shape and composition. All the pure copper tools found on the other side were found in Ireland, which contains remnants of the oldest civilization in Europe. There have been some six or seven copper tools found in Ireland and the balance of the prehistoric weapons of Europe were of bronze until the iron age. America abounds in copper tools, there are thousands of specimens, they are so common that they are of little value or scientific interest. The bronze implements of Europe were exactly like those of America, same size, same pattern, in so many instances that they had a common origin amounts almost to a The pottery and stone imcertainty. plements of an earlier age are also so strikingly alike that the only conclusion left is that they were made by the same hands.

Aeons of time, of which the mind can scarcely conceive, passed and in the interval the nomadic population of Kansas invaded the North Land as far as Alaska and southward to Peru. Those mighty aborigines built immense works, beautiful cities, were advanced in the arts and industries, had the rudiments of astronomy and a remarkable knowledge of architecture. It seems to have been a desire of the human race to build beautiful masonry and buildings from the remotest periods. After personal adornment

came the adornment of the landscape. During these centuries when the human race was emerging from the animal forms, nature was at work in other directions. The world was new. crust, still thin, was thinner then than now. It had in recent geological time emerged from a white-hot nebulae and the crust was rapidly cooling and contracting. Depression in one place meant trouble elsewhere and volcanoes and earthquakes were more numerous in those days and more violent. The world was nearer round, and having the same amount of water, or nearly so, the oceans were not so deep, and water covered more of the surface of the earth. There was a volcanic region along the western coast of America, it is still there. Upheavals were going on all the time. From a flat coast the Rocky mountains were evolved by repeated upheavals. All the western part of the country was built this way. Great Salt Lake was not originally a body of fresh water that became salty by evaporation during a long period of time, as is generally supposed, but is the remnant of a great inland sea that was cut off from the ocean by volcanic eruptions and dried away to its present proportions and thus became many times saltier than the ocean.

The quick rise of the Rocky mountains and the consequent upsetting of the earth's equilibrium, caused the region where Kansas now is and all west of the mountain slopes of the Appalachians to be inundated, and all the valley civilization was destroyed by a "flood." Scarcely anything was left of the progress these people had made, and the deep soil of Kansas we know so well how to brag about now, was silt on the bottom of the sea while it re-mained over this region. The mounds of the Mound Builders are mostly on the higher ground out of the Mississippi valley. We can still see the shore lines where the sea washed on the grounds west of Topeka, and the salt beds that underlay Kansas is another indication that it was at one time under the sea.

Congenial surroundings made our antedeluvian civilization spread. The "Land of Nod" may have been in the

northeast, up around Detroit and eastward towards Montreal and Quebec. The root of the Jewish race is Mexican, and thousands of skulls have been dug up in New Mexico, Arizona and Old Mexico that are undoubtedly Semitic.

Civilization spread down the Amazon valley and followed the "Dolphin Ridge" to the island of Atlantis, and thence to Africa and the Old World over narrow stretches of water. The land was almost continuous at one time and deep sea soundings of the *Challenger* has proven this theory, and the islands of the Atlantic now are the tops of the mountains of the lost Atlantis and other lands of the Atlantic ocean.

The flora of the western coast of our country is Lemurian, or western, and is similar to that of Australia, a remnant of the lost continent of the Pacific. The Rocky Mountains always have been a barrier to the forces of nature between the eastern and western parts of the country, hence the difference between the plants and trees of the western and eastern slopes of these mountains.

When the ancient Americans had discovered Atlantis and peopled and civilized it, they looked around for new worlds to conquer and sailed between the Pillars of Hercules and traded along the shores of the Mediterranean among the barbarians who hadn't advanced beyond the stone age. Every nation of the Old World owes its civilization, and their culture is evolved from the superior blood introduced there by the aborigines of America and Atlantis. So we see the Toltecs of Mexico, from whom the Phoenicians sprung, and who were, in turn, the father stock of the Hebrews, colonizing around the Mediterranean and disseminated therefrom to the whole of the Old World.

Later, one strain, the Mongoloid, formed the beginning of the Chinese-like peoples and migrated across Europe and Asia and settled the land beyond the Great Wall. They were a turbulent people and ventured across Behring Strait, then in a warm climate, merging with the coast Indians and the remnant of the Toltecs to form the Aztecs, of whom we have come to know so much, and who became so highly

evolved. The Turaneans, who returned to North America by way of the Straits, apparently had lost all memory of their parents, the Mound Builders, and destroyed them and their cities, the few remaining works of the Mound Builders, their mounds and works.

The phonetic alphabet is the product of one of two nations, the Toltecs of Mexico or the Phoenicians. The continental alphabet is Phoenician. Bancroft tells us that the stone found at Grave Creek Mound contained twentytwo characters that were undoubtedly alphabetic and of these ten were like the Phoenician, fifteen were Celtiberic, fourteen corresponded with the old British, Anglo-Saxon or Barbic, five with the old Northern or Runic proper, four with the Etruscan, six with the ancient Gallic, four with the ancient Greek and seven with the old Erse. All these old alphabets are corruptions of the Phoenicinan, but the Toltecs of Mexico resembles all of them, in numerous characters.

The Phoenicians worshipped one invisible God while all races of barbarians had from one to a hundred. They taught the Egyptians to use the great fertility of the Nile, they penetrated into India and taught the natives there husbandry and the love of home. There is scarcely a limit to the activities of these people, the fathers of the Hebrew race, and then, as now, they had no country. They were nomads and wanderers on the face of the earth.

There has never been any warrant for the conclusion of so many writers that the cradle of civilization was in Asia, and modern writers have taken issue with the old school and new facts are coming to light all the time that proves the tenability of the newer conclusions. Even modern scholars are mostly continental and anthropology and ethnology has never had the attention on this side of the water that it deserved, and European scholars are naturally prone to look in their own country for antiquity without investigating outside evidence. The civilization of the Old World was born grown up. They got it all of a sudden and failed to improve upon it after thousands of years. China was the same

thing at the dawn of history that it is now, and the Chinese are the best educated race in the world. Egypt has not changed in the historical period. The lost continent of Atlantis, the connecting link between this and the Old World, the stepping stone of this ancient civilization, was left to Europe in the mythlolgy of the Greeks and Phoenicians. The gods of the Greeks were formerly the mighty kings of Atlantis. All mythologies of the Old World describes everything good as coming from the West, and we have an account of the fall of Atlantis from Plato, who describes the one terrible last day and

night.

The Toltecs have a story of the creation of the world strikingly like that of Genesis. Their God was Teotl, corresponding to the Jehovah of the Hebrews, the Jove of the Hellenes, and referred to in the Aztec equivalent of the "book of prayers" as "the causeless cause of all results." Cox-Cox is the Mexican Noah. Cox-Cox, his wife and faithful (probably Chihuahua) dog, escapes the deluge in a cypress barque. After a while Cox-Cox sends out a crow, an eagle and a humming bird—the humming bird returns with a green leaf and Cox-Cox knows the end of the deluge is near. They had no Garden of Eden, but they had a first pair, the parents of all living, they had a first home, Atzlan, to which they would gladly return but to which they have lost the way. They used the cross in their worship as did nearly all the primitive religions.

Thus we have on this continent all the degrees of an evolved civilization, from the most primitive, ape-like man up to the culture and progress implanted in Europe and Egypt. We have more relics of the stone age than Europe; we have the *only* relics of the copper age. The barbarians of Europe evolved the stone age, perhaps, but their bronze implements were introduced from some other country and all tradition says from the land reached by sailing west through the Pillars of Hercules.

But we must not infer that the progress of the American aborigines was continuous; there were ups and downs, mighty wars, conquests and pestilences.

Primitive advancement had many setbacks, and in this time the surface of the continent underwent mighty changes. The North Pole was warm. Rank tropical vegetation is found in the fossils and coal deposits of upper Canada and extinct mammals are found frozen in the ice in Alaska, Greenland and Siveria that are native to the tropics, and half-digested palm leaves are still in their stomachs.

A few years ago the upper Canadians were surprised one morning to see a mirage of a beautiful city in the Northern sky. Later, this ruined city was discovererd and photographed. And these doings were interesting. The scientific party in search of it went up to the top of Muir Glacier and set up a gold pan filled with quicksilver. They photographed the surface of the shining metal in sections and also could see the city 700 feet below the surface of Glacier Bay by peering into the glass with a magnifying glass. This is the same method used by the miners and scouts of early California days to dis-The surface of the cover hostiles. earth for miles around is reflected on the upper air and back from this into the brilliant metal. By magnifying the photographs they had a fairly complete picture of the sunken city. They also set up mirrors close to the edge of the glacier and got parts of the city this way, to corroborate the other method. The architecture is a wonder of artistic massiveness.

The Toltecs were the remnants of many races they had conquered, and they were monarchs of all they surveyed from Alaska to Peru; but they probably split into two races in some ancient time, for we see excellent development in the extreme North and South and by comparison, feeble progress between.

Most of the great ancient works in America are inland. Only in Yucatan and Central America does it approach the coast. The theory of Donelly, that Atlantis peopled the civilized world, loses its force when this fact is considered. Atlantis could easiest com-municate with Brazil, but the pro-gress on that continent was all on the western slope of the Andes and in Mexico removed from the coast, in

this country well up the Mississippi valley and north to Alaska. Had the Atlanteans civilized America, they would have colonized at the best point of vantage and not strung their works out over such an immense territory filled with hostiles and warring barbarians.

There are two military roads in Peru that rival as engineering feats the two best trans-continental railroads of the present day in this country. The stone bridges they built are still intact after thousands of centuries.

The trouble with most students of anthropology is that they want to do everything in a few thousand years. Probably the first ape-like man took millions of years to evolve to the simple pastoral state of Adam and Eve. Probably aeons of time passed after the ape-man began to walk erect, before the stone age; we have no way of telling how many centuries he carved his enemy and his venison with the same stone knife; no way to tell how long he was completing the simplest copper instruments; how or why he discovered that by mixing tin with copper he could get a better edge on his tools and do a better job on his enemy's scalp and his bear meat and roast dog; when he found that iron was useful to make weapons and tools, or how long it took him to get into the habit of making plowshares and pruning hooks.

The Pacific coast Indians of to-day have Turanean faces and skulls and are known to science as the Mongoloid Indians, whereas the Eastern Indians are recognized as pure autochthonic. A continental instance similar to this is found in the history of the Huns. They were a war-like race of Chinese extraction and the Emperors of China paid them tribute for centuries to keep peace. Finally an Emperor, with a little more sand than those of his ancestors that had gone before, made war on the Huns and drove them away. They became nomads and wandered across Asia and Europe, whipping easily all with whom they came in contact, and increasing in numbers and power. They finally were whipped by the Greeks and Romans, then the acme of known civilization, and turned back. They settled in Austria and Southern Germany and furnished the fighting blood for these nations. Thus we see a regular "loop the loop." The root of the Chinese race came from the shores of the Mediterranean and after swinging around the circle the Huns got back to the starting point of their ancestors.

In the case of the Mongoloid Indian, we see his blood encircling the globe and coming back to modify the race from which he sprung. Thus, slowly, in devious ways, now advancing, now retorgrading, has Nature built a civilization that, as Ingersol says, is fit for a gentleman to live in. Nearly the whole drama has been wrought on our own continent, much of it within convenient distance, some of it in our midst, and all of it within our scope if we want to travel a little. The ethnologist with a nose for new facts has a day dawning that will write world history over. We've got the evidence, and the coming years will probably be pregnant with that at which we have hinted in the

foregoing.



THE TRUNK and THE TALE

ANSON B. INGELS

THE show pulled into Great Bend five hours behind its schedule. The delay was caused by heavy rains between Topeka and Salina, that put the track awash and the time card off watch.

The laboring men made frantic efforts to put the parade out at noon. This was more than a labor of Hercules, so

the town was paraded at four.

The sideshow top was up and had been open since one o'clock. Every one who could wield a stake maul or set jacks and stringers, was at work in the big-top getting ready for the main show.

I was out behind the top, shirking and listening to a profane individual insisting on the immediate "planking of the blues," when I ran into the lot boss sitting in the shade of a stake wagon smoking "Kansas" cigarettes and lazily moving as occasion required to keep him out of a hot, afternoon sun.

"They'll cut'er short this day," he greeted, puffing the limp cigarette, "and it'll be a shame because there's an awful bunch of villagers in our midst.

"How long before the opening?" I

asked.
"The bugle's sounded for the parade and the band just passed on their way to the work-house. It'll be about thirty minutes, I reckon, for they'll hand out a short ballyhoo for the rubes to gaze at."

Shifting himself out of the sun he con-"Say, what kinda people are they around this tank? The funny ones with their whiskers trimmed like a chimpanzee's? They belong to some freak religious sex, but they're all goin' to fall for the show. What I want to know is: What kind of a bunch it is that makes their performers look like a hick clown and will stand for 'em goin' agin a circus?"

I told him it was beyond me to tell

"Well," he remarked irrevelantly, "I got to see about gettin' Doc Murphy's wagon out of the mud hole they got it planted in, but I'll be through in about a hour. I want to see you then about a man I got, called Boston. I'll come over to your office when I get through."

Twenty minutes after this I had forgotten the lot boss and the man called Boston. I went into the tailor shop, thinking it would be the quietest place on the lot—to loaf. The lot boss found

me there two hours later. "Say," he commenced, "I've decided to keep that Boston. He's goin' to be a real fixer some day and I don't feel like cuttin' short any opportunity he's got to make good."

"What's the matter now?"

"Nothin' except he's the laziest man I ever had workin' for me in this business. He's a foxy scissor bill, too; he qualifies for every other job on the lot except his own. He's supposed to swing a sixteen pound stake maul but he's too narrow in the back for that high and exalted position. He's broad enough between the eyes to show the punks how to do it so he makes himself straw boss and slips it over on them and me."

"Why don't you fire him if he won't

work?"

"For two reasons: We're short on laborin' men and he does work a little. I think the real reason is because I can't get his number. A little while ago,' he continued, "when the first openin' of the kid show was up, he shills in and I see him a few minutes after, with one of them ginks, with Paul Kruger whiskers, on his staff and was makin' a personally conducted tour of this hick's seein' the kid. He was out talkin' the announcer and was tryin' to separate the rube from his cash with everything

that presented to take coin away from a unwary sod-buster with cale. He wasn't gettin' away with it very fast, but his intentions was good. I hear him offer to peddle a photograph of the Electric Freak for a bit—she sells them for two bits—but the rube sunk his bat-skin and wouldn't listen. He had not ought to shilled in but I let him go for he was doin' his best to get the

change for the bunch.

"Hi Stubens did finally loosen up though," he said, with a near chuckle. "This Boston tells him he was the main jiasticutus with the menagerie and the big cats et outen his hand. Hiram wants heaps of particulars and Boston proceeds to give him all the private personal history of the menag. and had a real airin' of the zoo's dirty linen. It sounded like one of them novels that that Zola wrote reads and reminded me of when I used to string the rubes the time I was big guy on a little ten-car trick.

"Didn't I ever tell you about it?

"Didn't I ever tell you about it? Sure, I was the noisiest big noise on a little trick—one season—you ever see. Had some funny things happen and got away with all of them too, that is almost all. I had some trouble with a big bull elephant, but I got that all straightened out with him and closed the season all right except for one

ruined Bengal.

"Y' see, it's like this: I'm sent forone season—by a little trick the syndicate wants to grab, so this plant's puttin' up the usual desperate fight before the peaceful assimilation takes place and I become the big, white smoke on the works. Handled everything back but the auditing and I couldn't do that, not havin' the head for figures. I'm content to be the noise for the rest of it, though, for the ghost's never lame and walks regular every Tuesday. I'm off the big ones to this one and am some looked up to by everybody-from the performers that don't double, to the razorbacks that pool the efferetory every afternoon, when they get through sidewallin' the local infantry, and buy Al. K. Hall, rex, with the change they're copped as the result of their dishonest

"It's only a ten-car layout, but every-

thing's up to the minute for the main guys oversees it theirselves and our fame perceeds us and we pack 'em at

every stand.

"When I come on, I'm told to frame a menagerie act we can feature. We've got the material and animals don't draw salary like them performers you've got to wire tickets to that stick around the Winsor Clifton and The House of a Thousand Scandals at Chi. There's a big, bull elephant on the show that's a tusker and one of the biggest bulls I ever see. He certainly looks bad, too, with them tushes and a naughty little twinkle he's always got lurkin' in his eyes, so I takes him, stalls that he's the wild, untamable critter he ain't—he's as mild as a new made second wife—and fakes up a 'bad act' for him. We stalls through it 'til he got to likin' the stunt and he gets the spirit of it and tries to be the real bad, naughty bull when he works. Wants to charge me and take liberties generally with the score. I scream everytime I work him, the act's so funny to me. The act run about eight minutes then I would stall out with him and laugh at some funny crack he would pull on the exit. He kept me screamin' at him so much that I was crippled 'most all season.

"I used to make him stick on a platform, about four feet high, that I put
in the menagerie top for him, so's he'd
look bigger, with all four feet chained
to long tent stakes driven around this
platform. I had a roustabout stand by
him to tell the rubes, as they passed the
platform on their way into the bigtop,
how peevish this Jim elephant was and
how I was the only man now in captivity
that dared work him and that I would
put over a daredevilishly reckless act
with him, in the middle ring—just in
front of the reserves—right after the

grand entry.

"One thing we used to have to do for him, on account of his bein' featured bad, was to feed him plenty hay while the villagers was blowin' through to the big top, because if he got shy on the chow, he'd pull up the stakes he was chained to, boot the chains over to the rest of the bulls and mooch their hay before all the Hiram Oatses got out of the menagerie and this conduct is

very unbecoming in a musta elephant. "We used to work him in the parade. Also he led the grand entry, because he was the biggest bull on the trick. He had the habit most elephants have, and if there was music goin' any place on the lot, he'd sorter scrouch down into his legs, throw his ears forward, let go all holts like and sway in time to the music, in a slow, majestic manner—like one of them fat dames two-steppin' on one of them dance pavillions at Coney. Also he was always feelin' around, with his trunk, for somethin' to scoff up. Bein' a bad bull, he always bein' fed by

the roughnecks.

"One day he was snoopin' around and usin' his trunk to beg for peanuts, taffy or some other junk the juice grafter peddles, when the bands opens on the grand entry. This bein' Jim's cue, he drops all foolishment and beats it to his place at the head of the bulls, still easin' around with his trunk, huntin' for a last peanut or piece of taffy, when he feels over the bars of a bengal's den that's asettin' just off the runway, still beggin' for somethin' to eat, when the occupant of the den—who's at home and in a bad humor—calmly wipes out his paw and rakes poor Jim's trunk for about six or eight inches; snarls and curls up in the den like he's done a day's work. This Jim elephant don't be-lieve that he could be abused and looks around, for a minute, with the big tears streamin' outen his eyes and his chin quiverin'—lookin' pitiful, like a child that's been struck unexpected, for something it didn't do. Then it comes to him that he's been two-timed and he goes into action—sudden. We get busy and keep this Jim from goin' in and ropin' over the bengal's anatomy. The bull charged the cage and we had to beat him off with chains. We finally got things straightened out and proceeded with the eye-gladdening spectacle of 'Jason and his quest of the Golden Fleece,' as we called the grand entry, but one of them Argonauts rode a camel, that day, because his compariasoned elephant was gloomin' in the empty menagerie top, over a sore snoot and acquiring a three-story grouch because he couldn't romp playfully over a certain bengal that had been captured in

the wild and, as a result, had a disposition like the old man's-when it's rained for a week and business is very rotten. The bull had a willingness and he couldn't seem to get it through his sconce why he couldn't come back to the bengal, so's the honors'd be even. He seemed to know it wasn't just all right and to feel that he'd got the worst of it, but he resigned himself to wait and see the thing straightened out to his satisfaction—when the keepers got around to it.

"Well, he stalls around all the rest of the day, expectin' something to happen to the tiger, that didn't. We moved the bengal's den back where the bull couldn't get to it and Jim worked in the night show. We moved the den up the aisle, where there was no chance for the bull to make war medicine over it, and Jim works without a sigh or a regret. My act with him the night he got scratched up, was funnier than ever-I'd put a bandage on his snoot, in the way of make-up,—and things seemed to settle in their accustomed sameness for him.

'A well trained elephant will take the worst of it for a long time, waiting for his keepers to finally straighten out the mix up and finally square things for him. An elephant's got more sense and a better memory than a lot of

people."
"Jim didn't give us any more bother after the first day of his hospital service, and we used to dress his trunk and kid him about the hurt. I believe he understood a lot of the chaff, for he'd twinkle at us out of them eyes of his'n and as soon as the vet got through with him, he'd sway to and fro in time to the music of the bands on the platform, just before grand entry. He was always at his place at the head of the bulls in the spectacle, so I quit worryin' about him.

"Aside from that incident we had a quiet season and the show made money. When this happens everybody's satisfied. A satisfied bunch made it easier for me and I got in the habit of mixin' up with them and listenin' to them spend their money—after the afternoon show—out behind the doors, in the shade of the property wagons.

You've heard that rehearsal enough to be familiar with every line. Scene: Within the enclosure of the dressing tops with any circus. Wagons parked and awnings stretched on the east side to make it shadier. Discovered at rise: About ten women sittin' in folding chairs, makin' fancy work with one of them little hoop things and chewin' the rag with a bunch o' men that are sprawled around, indiscriminate, in the shade. At the opening of the dialogue a man reads the line about his knowin' of a little cigar store in Pittsburg he can buy for a thousand dollars, and he'll have that much coin at the close of this season. Then there'll be no more of this troupin' around for his. He'll rent a flat, move mother and the kids into it and he'll live for the first time in his life. Then, no more white tops for him and mother and the kids—no siree. That's the cue for some dame to tell about the theatrical boardin' house she's goin' to open up in Chicago, as soon as she can possibly save eight hundred and eighty-seven dollars; then she'll quit this pikin' around the country—makin' Then the chorus tanks like this one. takes the theme and, after runnin' it over, decides to vary it so the result is that every one on the trick is goin' out of the show business at the end of this

"When I was younger in the game I used to wonder where all the new people would come from for next season. Now I see the same old faces season after season and hear them quit for-ever each and every day and I'm not particularly alarmed about the supply

of performers givin' out.
"It's just their way of gittin' a little harmless fun and amusement out of the hot afternoons—and it's as natural for a trouper to hot air about wealth as it is for a rube to tell what a traveler

"The entire season was a peaceful one among the actors and actorines and we have a nice family party among 'em with all included and they calls everybody, even the razorbacks, by their first names, and swells up each other's acts so much that I acquire much corpulency listenin' to the press stuff and to the faint plaudits of the admirin'

thousands that comes to see this mamouth exhibit of twentieth century marvels, each peerless in their own peculiar pleasin' profession—as the billing said; and with this frame-up of peace and quiet this colossal congress of combined creations—also as the paper statedwanders down the south of Mason and Hamlin's line with more'n the usual number of cigar stands bought and boardin' houses started after the big show, out behind the top and in the shade of the stake and property wagons, in the long, hot southern afternoons that happen down there. I settled down to the monotony of a long uneventful season on the south time, among the colonels and niggers that were comin' easy and likin' it well enough to repeat at the night perfor-Everything was so blame peaceful that I forgets about the rumble between the bull and the bengal.

"Comes November and the notice of the closin' of the season. Them that was really goin' to open cigar stands and boardin' houses was toutin' around in our midst for patronage and every body that hadn't signed for next season, and wanted to, was makin' better in their acts every day, tryin' to get the old man to notice enough to sign them on for features. Some was hot airin' around about the big time they was goin' on in the hall season—how they was goin' to kill it at Proctors or put a crimp in 'em on the Orpheum circuitand everybody's figurin' on Thanksgivin' dinner, when we makes a stand at a tank in the middle of the hayrack

circuit in South Texas.

"It was one of them hot, sticky days they make down there. The tent was packed to the ring banks and was so hot it reminded me of the Hereafter the Hardshells used to tell about, when was a little punk in Kaintucky. There hadn't been a bunch of tented canopies in these jungles for seasons, and every merchant, planter, poor white and nigger that could dig up a single check, was in the top to spend it. They was packed in so deep that we had to clear the fourth ring before we could open with 'Joshua,' while the track was bein' cleared we lined up in the menagerie top for the grand entry—close to

the connection, so's not to loose any time when we got the enter cue.

"While we were waitin' for this cue, Jim, in his place, is swayin' in time to the music and feelin' around with his trunk, beggin' for a last peanut or piece of taffy that the juice grafter sells—the bull seems to think—for his own stomach. He sees the bengal's den back in it's old place and feels over toward it. The bengal's tail stuck through the bars of the den and is swayin' like he's tryin' to keep time to the music too. He aint, though, for he's asleep from the heat. This Jim bull takes a quick chance and before we just know what's happened, he's grabbed the tail, gives it one big heave and brings it away from the bengalwho's wide awake now-Jim whirls the tail around his head a time or two, trumpets, puts it on the ground and slowly tromps around on it, and very deliberately resumes his swayin' in time to the music of the band and feels around for something to scoff. He gives us to clearly understand that, so far as he's concerned, he's willing to let everything drop right where it is. If we'll forget the whipping him with chains, he's willin' to call it all off. He'd simply evened up matters with the tiger.

"We goes into the bengal's den and quiets him with a hot iron—dressed the stump of the tail, put the blinds up on

the den and proceeded with the enormous spectacle of 'Joshua' and had no trouble at all with the elephant. Did n't have any all season.

"We did have trouble with the bengal though. He seemed to know he'd lost his chief beauty and was all fussed up over it all the time. We finally had to sell him to Heck's Allied Twentieth Century, Golden Mascot Caravan Shows and they exhibits him to the redbones and amarusians in Loosyanna as the only bobtailed bengal in captivity

-and I reckon they was right."

There was silence for a time after this recital, that was broken by the first concert announcenemt. The silence lasted from "As is customary with all traveling, tented organizations of this character, we carry what is commonly known as an after show, or concert to "our gentlemenly agents will now pass among you." The lot boss, after the announcement, irrelevantly remarked:

"There's a place right across from the main entrance where you can get one of them scuttles of the German invigorator —and it's real suds; I was in there this morning. I," he finished pensively, "havn't got a soo."

Thereat we got silently to our feet and threaded our way through a maze of stakes and guys, to the cool precincts of Adolph's place.



OLIVIA TAKES A STAND

NELLIE CRAVEY GILLMORE

HERE were some hard hours for Olivia between bed-time and the next morning, hours when she was free to let the passion and hurt pride and jealousy—the bitter shame of it all sweep like a tidal-wave over her very soul. But by the time she roused herself from a late, brief sleep, dream-haunted and feverish, her resolve was shaped ultimately. She would play her part to the bitter end, just as she had lived her life in the years that had gone before; honestly, earnestly openly. Then, when the struggle was over, she would demand her freedom; he to live his life, she hers, in her own way.

As for Osborne, he might enjoy the position she had helped him to win, alone. She would have nothing in which he was to have part. thought that in so doing she was proposing to face life with no strong arm behind her carried with it no sting, no fear. Fortified by her pride, her outraged womanhood—her abiding faith in Right, she felt all at once capable of battling with any difficulty that might present itself from the wreck of her mutilated love and trust. Strange that, having for so long leaned absolutely upon her husband's strength, this exhilerating, new sense of selfconfidence should have come to her in her hour of sorest need. Strange and Providential. By some lucky co-incidence, Osborne had left town on business the day before to be absent till the following evening. This made it easier for her to proceed without interruption to her course. The letter from Celeste Cameron! She must read it over again, carefully, to make sure that she had missed nothing of its import, misinterpreted no line of the cautiouslypenned, perfumed epistle. It had arrived the afternoon previous and was

securely locked in the small ebony desk in her bed-room.

Her toilet completed, Olivia quickly crossed to the adjoining apartment and procured her friend's letter. It ran:

"Willow Grove, June third.

"Dear Ollie:

"Come to me as soon as you can. I want to talk things over with you. I shall be waiting for you with a heart full of love and sympothy.

"Yours, "Celeste."

Olivia folded the paper hastily, with unsteady fingers, and a heightened color glowed in her delicate cheeks as she turned from the desk. "With a heart full of love—and sympathy." The black doubts that had been assailing her for the past month were rapidly crystallizing into certainty.
And Celeste, her dear, kind, generous
Celeste had discovered the truth and
was going to help her! Shame at her husband's neglect and duplicity burned upon her like a firebrand; a deadly faintness stole over her, but she shook it off with Spartan determination and hurried downstairs to the car waiting at the curbing. It lacked seven min-utes of ten. She had 'phoned her friend to expect her at ten sharp. The chauffeur promised to have her at Willow Grove promptly and with a little smothered sob she sank back against the limousine and gave herself up to the desolate contemplation of a hopeless future.

The houses flying by on the avenue,

The houses flying by on the avenue, the asphalt spinning beneath—the fleckless strip of blue horizon in the darkness—all melted together in a confused mass. One lurid thought evolved itself from the chaos of her brain, persistently: the man to whom she had given radiant possession of herself, heart, soul, body, had ceased to value

what had once seemed priceless; worse, had in all probability asked the bestowal of this gift from another! Had he, in truth, ever cared for her except in a conventional, superficial way? The humiliated blood scorched her cheeks. She, who had poured out all the wealth of her first and only love upon a man whom she had all but deified. She bit her soft lips till tears of physical pain sprang to her eyes. Her hands, tightclenched in their covering of fine, gray suede, were cold as ice. The slowing down of the machine roused her, and she jerked herself together sharply. In another moment they had stopped.

Olivia dismissed her car at the Cameron's gate and hurried up the concrete walk to the steps. She ran lightly up on the broad veranda and as the door stood ajar to entice the fresh warm air of Spring, she didn't pause to ring but passed swiftly through the richly-appointed corridor and on up the polished, mahogany staircase. At the top of it she stopped and rapped tentatively on Mrs. Cameron's boudoir door. To the low-voiced "Come" she entered noiselessly, blushing carmine as her eyes encountered the expectant, solicitous gaze of Celeste Cameron's magnetic, scintillating eyes. The latter was seated before her dressing-table, indolently polishing her exquisitely-modeled nails. Mrs. Cameron seldom gave more than perfunctory attention to anything outside the pale of her personal adornment. But she rose impulsively as Olivia appeared in the opening, and held out both hands to her with a little exclamation of welcome.

"You poor child, you're positively shivering," she said, "sit down here and let me bring you a glass of claret.' And she led her gently toward a chair.

Olivia's now pale lips framed a termulous little acknowledgment of her friend's greeting as she submitted momentarily to the elusive pressure of roseleaf palms, then permitted herself passively to be pushed into the Chippendale rocker. She sipped the wine in an absent fashion, battling hard for selfpoise.

"We're going to have a heart-to-heart talk all by ourselves," Mrs. Cameron said, much as she would have

addressed a hurt child, "thank goodness Everitt will not be home to luncheon, and I have instructed the servants to admit nobody under any circumstances."

Olivia drew a deep breath. Then she She knew gave a little forced laugh. that Celeste had adroitly prepared the way for her to open the subject of her visit, the subject with which every nerve centre was tingling, yet the words refused to come. For a moment she sat silent, her eyes fixed in blank abstraction on the ravishing billows of lace that foamed up about her friend's perfect throat and draped themselves gracefully over her full corsage, cascading in bewildering little combinations of frills down the front of her robe de chambre to the floor.

"If my husband spent more than a tenth of his time with me, I'd well, I'd simply die of ennui, Ollie," she ventured abruptly, by way of setting the other at ease, and purposely ignoring her confusion.

"But I thought you two were very happy, Celeste? Everybody says you're a 'model couple.'"
"Exactly. Because we both have

too much sense to bore each other to death with one another's society. Everitt has his friends, his clubs, his horses. I have my friends, my clubs my motors. Now-"

But something had suddenly loosed Olivia's tongue and the words came

tumbling out helter-skelter:

"Oh!" she gasped, "do you think that is the reason he has changed so? Have I annoyed him with my attentions? My devotion? Ought I to have done differently? You are right, of course; you always are. But how was a girl of twenty to be wise about such matters? If you could only have told me sooner!" Her throat throbbed perceptibly under its vague covering of tulle, but she hurried on, stifling the catch in her voice: "I've felt it for weeks and weeks and weeks. I've known it. But it was something I couldn't take hold of; a thing I couldn't mention without appearing to incriminate myself of what? Somehow I knew you'd help me, Celeste—knew that you would—understand. I couldn't have stood

the torture much longer, and—and now I want to know the worst." The last words came huskily, almost in a

Mrs. Cameron shifted her position so as to bring her glance directly opposite her companion's. A vein in her temple began to beat very hard and very fast, but the low-pitched voice was exquisitely modulated. "It is because of my affection for you, Olivia, that I have won the consent of my conscience to take this step."

A swift pallor masked the girl's set features as she returned unsteadily: "You—you are very good. I—please believe that I appreciate your interest."

Mrs. Cameron hesitated an instant. "Somehow, I hate to put myself in the position of a-a meddler, dear. But women as a rule are too prone these days to neglect one of their own sex who is—unfortunate, or in the dark. I am going to put aside my personal sensitiveness and—tell you the truth. There is—someone else.

Olivia's eves glowed strangely.

"It would do no good to go to him with what I have told you, dear," she

reserved quickly.

The girl drew a long breath as she said: "My husband and I are as far apart to-day as it is possible for two people to be. And we shall never be nearer. You need have no anxiety." The words fell harshly from the young wife's quivering lips; untold bitterness looked out from the pain-dark eyes. With his own hand he had rent the exquisite fabric of their happiness, too fine and delicate a thing ever to bear the bunglesome artifice of patchwork, however skilled the craftsman. Just as their union had once been perfect, their separation thenceforth should be absolute. There could be no half-ways, no compromise.

Mrs. Cameron schooled her features into immobility as she proceedeed: "It was in Tiffany's, one day last week. I had gone there to look at some pins. They came in together. He-bought her a bracelet with diamonds. She picked it out and they left it to be engraved with two sets of initials.

It seemed to Olivia that eons and eons of time passed and repassed before

utterance would come to her numb lips; thoughts to her paralyzed brain. But at last she roused herself by a heroic effort and said dully: "It means in so many words, that my husband has a secret affair with another woman. That while willing to retain me as chief ornament of his household, he has no longer room for me in the old place—in his heart." A deep, painful flush burned its way into the girl's pale cheeks. "Who—is the woman?" she asked piteously. Her hands caught at each other in sick despair. She began to tremble from head to foot. It was all true then: she had lost him absolutely, ultimately. She lifted her strained eyes to those of the other woman and repeated her question mutely.

But Mrs. Cameron shook her head. Olivia sank back in her chair, her eyes closed, and now scalding tears began to rain down her white cheeks. But in a second she sat up resolutely and dabbled her reddened eyes with a bit of cambric. She smothered a little convulsive sob. "I'm sure I don't know how to thank you, Celeste, for what you've done for me in this crisis. I'm glad you had the sense to tell me instead of laughing with my friends behind my back while he went his way, housing me in a fool's paradise. I shall procure a divorce at once. Luckily, there are no children to complicate matters. I mean to go at once to Judge Herriman and enter suit. He will find that I am no weakling, no milk-and-water infant. He shall realize that I can take a stand." She got up as she finished speaking and held out her hands. "Good-bye, Celeste. But for you, I should be a pitiable object indeed. From now on I am at the Savoy. My lawyer will communicate with Bryce. I—I cannot see him again." Her voice broke and she turned and stared through the open window, blinking hard to keep back the tears that welled afresh.

Mrs. Cameron rose too. She stooped and folded the trembling girl in her arms with maternal solicitude. "Poor little girl," she said, "I'm sorry. You don't know how sorry—but, after all it's better so. In after years you will be so thankful."

With a mute look of gratitude, Olivia turned and hurried down the stairs. Her breath was coming and going in feverish little gasps, her gray eyes were black with the tragedy of the future.

Out in the open she stood still a moment and drew in deep, thirsty draughts of fresh air to her suffocated lungs. Then, when she had regained her poise somewhat, she walked on at a rapid gait down the broad, sun-gleamed avenue till she came to the car station. She was weak and unstrung and she decided she would go straight home, attend to her packing, and then pay her visit to Judge Herriman. She wanted to be calm and collected and determined; it would never do for him to see her swollen eyes and twitching lips, not discern the tell-tale quiver in her voice.

In her own room at last, Olivia cast off all restraint and throwing herself into a chair sobbed fiercely, uncontrollably till, exhausted from the sheer violence of her emotion, she yielded to the tension of the past few hours and

slept profoundly.

Two hours later she was roused sharply by a hurried little tap on her bedroom door. The maid entered with a telegram. Olivia received it mechanically and read the contents with indifference:

"Am returning by the five-forty train. Please have my steamer trunk packed for a two-months' absence. Sail to-morrow for Hamburg on important business.

"Bryce."

Olivia's first definite sensation was one of relief. Then a strange blankness settled over her. He was deserting her! Perhaps in time She—the other Something sudwoman denly cut through her like a knife; her frozen blood quickened to fierce life. She rose dizzily and began to draw the long pins out of her hat. She glanced at the clock; it was already well past four. In another hour he would be here, and if she did not want to face him she must make her plans quickly. Her first move was to touch the bell for her husband's valet. But she paused with her finger on the knob. She would see to his clothes herself; Harvey might not use proper discri-

mination and—he must not suspect anything until he had received notice from her lawyer. She had always superintended the packing. It would take but a half-hour; then she could start at once for Judge Herriman's office and the latter would have time to communicate with her husband before

he sailed the following day.
When she entered Bryce Osborne's room, the stale odor of tobacco smoke greeted her nostrils in a sickening, familiar rush. Things were topsy-turvy and the hand of neglect was everywhere in evidence. The things that had once been dear to her because of their association with him, now repelled her utterly for the self-same reason. But she stoically opened drawer after drawer, taking out in turn the necessary articles and placing them on a convenient chair. How often she had gone through this same operation in the old, dear days when—when they loved each other-were happy-She sat down in the midst of her packing and buried her blanched face in her hands. All the life seemed to go out of her. The reaction upon her violent resentment had set in and she shook with a tumult of self-pity and overpowering wretchedness. Her happiness all the joy of her young wifehood, her love, her trust—where had they gone? The ghosts of them rose up and mocked her. She, who had given herself to him with such blind confidence and devotion to be thus tossed aside for another. What has she done? What had she left undone? If only there were some loophole, some wild chance—It came to her all of a sudden what the future without him would mean. For an instant she forgot the other woman, forgot Celeste Cameron, forgot her own miserable doubts for weeks past. She wanted—

Perhaps after all there had been a mistake. It might have been some other man Celeste had seen! Possibly the woman was her husband's sister!

A dozen impractical solutions flashed through her brain, all of which received their share of abnormal credence. All at once she began to wish she had never gone to Celeste's at all. She could have stayed innocent—and happy.

vague uncertainties in her own mind would have died out in time. And in time, by her devotion, she must have won him back!

What did Celeste Cameron, a callous woman of the world, know of-of hearts. Nothing—but to plunge the vivisectionist's knife through and through them and watch the victims writhe upon the alter of the "fittest."

A little hard sob broke in Olivia's throat. She felt ill, spent. But time was flying and she forced herself to get up and continue the packing. She removed the light grey top-coat from a hook on the wall and shook it out carefully. As she did so, something white fluttered from a pocket to the floor. She stooped absently and gathered it up. The words "Dear Bryce" in a vaguely familiar, feminine hand, caught her eye. With a turgid heart she sat down limply on the edge of a chair and devoured the following:

"The bracelet is a darling. I called for it this morning, as agreed, and will not fail to get it to Olivia on the anniversary day. The diamond, being her birthstone, will please her, I know, and you have no idea how beautifully the Old English engraving shows up. "Sincerely,

"Katherine."

The paper slid from Olivia's nerveless fingers to the floor. A strange blackness came upon her and the world began to spin. Suddenly tears of relief and joy sprang to her burning eyes and ran in little shining rivers down her flushed cheeks. With an involuntary, audible sob of thanksgiving, she rose, just as Osborne pushed open the door and crossed the space between them. He looked worn and haggard, and now for the first time Olivia noticed the multiple fine lines about his mouth and eyes. His hair was graying slightly at the temples.

"ΗI have almost finished your packing," she said, struggling valiantly for her self-control, the letter crumpled into a ball in her nervous fingers, "it was late when the telegram came, but I hurried right in to-to look after things. I was afraid Harvey might not know

exactly-'

Osborne had not offered to kiss her as he would once have done, but sank heavily into the nearest chair and began

to draw off his gloves. His whole attitude bespoke listlessness, inertia. He spoke wearily: "That was very good of you, Olivia. Thank you. I havn't much time as the ship sails at daybreak. I have made ample provision for all your needs in a financial way. If anything unforseen arises, you have only to wire me."

Olivia clasped her hands with a sudden helpless movement; the words she would have spoken died on her lips. He was dismissing the personal element from the situation as coolly as though it had never existed. And this their

first parting!
"The time will be short to you, Olivia. I fear I have been more or less of a drag on your spirits this last month. The truth is—" he paused and looked at her uncertainly, "well, to be candid, I've lost heavily in stocks. Then the business has been shaky and I've been afraid of a—a crisis. I hated to tell you, but-but you'll be bound to find out our altered circumstances sometime and as well now as later. It will be a relief to you, I guess, to have me out of the house for a spell."

He had spoken simply, earnestly, just as though he recognized no reason for a contradiction of his last words. But the lines of his face, the shadowed eyes, told of what he suffered in the ad-

mission.

Olivia's eyes never left his face. Her own had grown ten years younger. So that was all; a few paltry thousands. There was no longer doubt, uncertainty, emptiness—no other woman. thing long-hidden, wonderful, bursting into unquenchable life, broke all at once through the cloud in her eyes.

"Bryce!" she cried tremulously. She swayed toward him. There was an exquisite color in her cheeks. A radiant joy clothed her like a garment. It was a moment when words would have been

sacrilege.

In an instant of divine revelation the shadows vanished from Osborne's face. All reserve, anxiety, pain-were swept away in the second that their eyes merged. His pulses bounded into fiery life. He rose and held out his hungry arms to her.

As the last stroke of twelve died resonantly away, Olivia laid down her pen. Her eyes glowed. There was a soft, throbbing pink in her cheeks, a delicious smile making tremulous the scarlet, curving lips.

The letter ran:

"Wednesday evening.

"Dear Celeste:

"We've been a precious pair of idiots, you and II Quite by accident I discovered that the bracelet was being bought for me, as a present from my husband in honor of the fifth anniversary of our marriage.

"Bryce had taken Katherine Lennox (my cousin) along with him to help select the gift and she it was you saw with him. Behold

what a simple solution of the complex problem!

"It was a frightful experience for me, Celeste, and I never want to repeat it. But of one thing I am glad; it taught me a lesson. It showed me the absurdity of allowing my moods and whims to get away with my common sense; it taught me the proper sort of stand to take always where he is concerned; to trust him.

"My husband has been dreadfully worried by business cares for the past several weeks and I

My husband has been dreadfully worried by business cares for the past several weeks and I confess I was silly enough to construe his preoccupation into neglect of me, egotistical little goose that I am. But everything is all right now, heaven be thanked, and we sail at daybreak for Hamburg—and Happiness.

"Good-bye, and with a thousand good wishes

"Good-bye, and with a thousand good wishes—because I want everybody to be as happy as

I am.

"Sincerely,

"Olivia."

BANZAI

(A Song of the Battle of the Straits)

They were loud in their vaunting but silent were we, Who watched for their fleet at the gates of the sea; Like the wolves of old Nippon, we lay in their track, Still luring them on to the lair of the pack.

Still luring them on till our fangs were laid bare, And the hunters of Russia were caught in our snare, Like the dogs of the North with the pack at their throats, They sank or they fled at the rush of our boats.

They broke from our onset as the crest of the wave That breaks on the shore of Nippon the brave; Or they fled from the battle but still as they fled We shattered the sea with their ships and their dead.

For we followed them swift as a merciless gale, While our guns played at bowls through the rents in their mails; And we laughed as we came for we drove them before To the mines in the Strait or the rocks on the shore.

Or ever they turned, they were lost in the tide, For we struck to the heart, through each shell riven side, Till the last of the foe had sunk in the deep And Nippon lay safe as a child in its sleep.

A cheer for the dead; for the dying a sigh; To the Emperor's eminent virtue Banzai! As the glorious sun is its splendor afar As it humbles the pride of the great white Czar.

-Charles L. Williams

The Reeper of the Light

George Warburton Lewis



Have you ever listened and held your breath When the night was still as the halls of death, And a throbbing sea that broke at your door Was bringing you memories o'er and o'er—Have you listened as I, with each dull throb, To catch from the waters a broken sob?—A token you knew you never would hear, Yet for which you'd listened a live-long year! Strange runs the story, but it shall be yours—A rescue story with Love at the oars.

The wreckage of the ship that lost My Love I heaped and burned—sweet solace!—here above; And then my life was plunged in utter gloom. I walked like one condemned who nears his doom. I learned a tongue that silence teaches all The squeally things that fly and crawl. I loved to hear the night-birds' mournful psalms, And watch the pallid moonlight on the palms. Ah! sometimes when the Southern Cross rode high A tropic moon would light this drooping sky, And always then I found myself—how vain!—Here seated, half expectant, ears a-strain; But dream-gods whispered never from the sea And so I put my hopes away from me. And here alone lived I, but God knows how, Though sometimes pitying angels smoothed my brow.

One night those waters there below broke o'er; Hell rose on earth in seas that smashed this doorl But hope for me was dead out on the deep. So finally, things secure, I fell asleep, I dreamed here in my chair, despite the hour, That right out there a ship was on the shore; And when I waked—so help me God 'tis true!— There stood an angel, pointing toward the blue. I plunged with two men in an open boat, That only One had power to keep float, From Neptune's hoary clutch one soul we won-She was a girl, a goddess of the sun. So bright was she, and fair, and warm her smile; And, weary-ill, she rested here awhile. Sped many days ere I divined the plan: Glad angels, loving as but angels can, Had thus implored the Master of the Seas: "To him," we pray, "give one as bright as we."

Then on an eve of moonlight here above I told her of God's planning and my love; And when she raised her eyes and looked at me I read in them a message from the sea, Such eyes!—so changed!—alight with love, star-clear—The same, I swear, the sea had claimed a year!

Can She, the lost, be queen of saintly skies, With power to give her love through mortal eyes? This only can one mystery explain—
The reason I am happy once again.

THE TRIUMPH OF SAND HILL

ELEANOR E. CARPENTER

ILMA flicked the toe of her shoe with her riding whip. Her long lashed eye-lids drooped over grey eyes that stared pen-

sively, unseeing. After a prolonged sigh she raised her head and gazed her companion straight in the face.

"I am so sorry for Father. He's fought long and hard in this countyseat fight. It will break his heart to lose out. He is so bitter against you your father and Sand Hill. I am sometimes afraid, Billy, that I will never have the courage to do it."
"If you love me enough," said Billy,

"you can do anything for my sake,— for our sake."

He drank in with evident pleasure the fresh youthfulness of her face. Billy was several years the senior of Wilma, much wiser, and more experienced in the ways of the world of men and women. He had a high intellectual brow and wore glasses. smooth face was sharp and his eyes seemed to look through the things they saw. Wilma's dresses were scarcely to her ankles and her thick hair hung yet in braids. Her complexion was clear and her color rolled in waves of white and pink. This might not have been an unusual thing in other climes, but upon the so called burning sands of the great "American desert" caused unlimited and boundless admiration.

Wilma's romance was a great and autiful thing. She was living in beautiful thing. reality the things of her dreams. Still there struggled deep in her bosom a feeling of parental love and obedience.

"But I do love you," insisted Wilma with positiveness. "But I love my father too, and when I think of the blow it will be to him I nearly give it up. Poor Father! It would be the last straw. It isn't easy, Billy, to give up your father, and all your folks. You

see I have so much to lose while you lose nothing, and gain much. They never would forgive me after I eloped with you. They are determined I shall go away to school and that would mean long months of separation—and I couldn't do that either."

"Don't waste any sighs over that prospect, for you are not going away not to school. If they weren't so determined to send you away we would not need to hurry things up so much,'

said Billy.

"I know I've tried every way to keep from being sent to school but Father and Mother are just like a door post when I talk to them. It's no use. And they won't let me have a dress made long. If I get one long they immediately chop it off. What can I do Billy? Nothing but run off with you, I guess. I hate to get married in short dresses."

"Short dresses are remedied easy enough. As soon as we're married you can have all the long dresses you like."

Wilma smiled and blushed. They seated themselves in the shade of a craggly cottonwood tree that forced itself defiantly through the side of a sandy hillock. From their feet stretched down towards the river nothing but sand spotted with begging patches of bunch grass. It was rather a desolate spot in itself, but commanded a view that was not to be scorned. The sun was not yet up very high and the sand sparkled as if sprinkled with diamond dust. Below them, as they looked towards the river, about a mile and a half away, they could see a thin dark line and a busy body of men, tiny specks in the distance, from whose midst a black smoke rose, whipped now up, now down by the rising morning wind. This was a new railroad creeping up the valley of the sandy, snake-like river. This railroad held the destiny of two men in particular, and many others in general. The two men in particular were the fathers of Billy Sanders and Wilma Harston.

On the high hill back of them overlooking the river and valley, "Old Man Sanders" reigned as King of Sand Hill. He was called the "father" of Sand Hill. In the pretty green valley across the river Gordon Rathburn Harston reigned as grand-uncle and chief advisor and administrator to the village of Clear Creek. Clear Creek had a court house. Sand Hill did notand was covetous, The fight had been long and bitter. Now a railroad was coming as fast as construction could be carried on. Both towns had centered on the fight to get it, as with it would be the assurance of the court house as a permanent institution. What the railroad meant to do was still a secret, as neither town had had much money to put up as a bonus. The struggle for existence in the then semi-arid lands left little surplus upon which the railroad could fatten. Of the richest, Harston and Sanders were the best representives.

Of late rumors had spread that Sand Hill was going to get the depot. It resulted in much despondency on the part of Mr. Gordon Harston, banker, merchant and general property owner. Already numbers of citizens of Clear Creek were moving bag and baggage to Sand Hill.

Sand Hill had but few things to recommend it. It's name implied all it was, and high and dry it stood at the mercy of the scorching winds of summer and the penetrating winds of winter. Even the hardiest of trees waxed wan and weakly, pined away for sustenance, and died. It was with bitter irony that Harston watched his neighbors load up their goods and cross the river.

Clear Creek, while hardly boasting a creek, was wonderfully fertile and conducive to the growth of trees, shrubs and flowers. It was free from sand; the water good, within reach of any one who cared to use a spade. The country around it was more closely inhabited and more prosperous than across the river around Sand Hill. The pretensions and ambitions of Sand Hill had

always seemed preposterous to loyal Clear Creek citizens. There had been no excuse for it even coming into existence. It had a commanding view, and that was all that could be said in its favor. But proudly, its elevation on the hill it sat, nose up, growing bigger and bigger, as Clear Creek got smaller and smaller. It was inconceivable. Still, Clear Creek had the court house and a large school building. They meant to keep them even if they had to maintain their rights by the use of fire-arms and ammunition.

It might be explained: Wilma was seventeen, the oldest daughter of Harston, Billy Sanders was the only son of his father. Neither parent had any idea their son and daughter had speaking acquaintance. Only once Wilma had spoken of Billy. She said: "I think Billy Sanders is a nice looking young fellow." She said it to try out her father. It was effective. Harston looked over the top of his spectacles and the top of his paper, surprised and grieved. Hard lines came in his face.

"Daughter, you needn't ever 'see' him again. Remember; you are blind, deaf and dumb to any Sanders, or any Sander's kin, or any beastly inhabitant of Sand Hill. The daughter of your father is surely more loyal than to know what the son of his worst enemy even looks like. Never mention such a thing again!" And Wilma didn't. With a sigh she resolved henceforth silence. She guessed truly his attitude was not amenable to debate.

Her father was inexorable in the things he thought befitting a young lady of her age. She was not to have really long dresses until her eighteenth birthday, nor twist, curl or fluff her hair until that same eventful time. She had one more school year ahead of her according to the same inexorable father. Her mother's attitude was, that what her father willed, was good. Wilma loved her father and mother, but in the manner of most young, thought her parents though they meant well, had no idea what constituted happiness for others.

The acquaintance of Billy and Wilma had been made one night at a country school house at a "literary" meeting. The sleek, polished young man just out

of an Eastern college was an advent. He had impressed her as being far beyond the ordinary and as much "smarter" than the "green" young men she knew. He in turn was attracted by Wilma's red cheeks, her sparkling eyes and her thick braids. They had even exchanged glances of approval, when the girl sitting next to Wilma gave her a nudge.

'See that young man looking at you? That is Billy Sanders, son of old Sanders of Sand Hill."

Wilma caught her breath from disappointment. At the same time a young man was saying: "That is Harston's daughter. Harston, of Clear Creek, you know." Billy knew and also caught his breath in disappointment. Then they exchanged a look of hatred on general principles. Still, all that evening they watched each other out of the corner of their eyes, and from that time on neither mind was eradicated from the physical omnipresence of each other. All winter they attended the same literary, but by spring had done nothing more than look at each other.

Then one morning when the birds chattered, the dandelions bloomed, and unworded poetry was in the air, Wilma took a long and unusual canter on her pony. She even ventured across the forbidden river and made straight for a lonesome looking sand dune she had often seen in the distance. Here she dismounted from her pony in the shade of the stunted cottonwood and meditated on the cruelities of the

world to the young.

A solemn-eyed long-eared rabbit jumped into view and sat down thinking and blinking. A sudden report, and the rabbit jumped up into the air, turned over, and laid down no more to blink and think. Wilma screamed. The scream brought a young man who begged a thousand pardons. That was the first speaking acquaintance of Billy and Wilma. After that there were more accidental meetings, then they begun to meet by appointment, until the serious situation confronted then of marrying and meeting their parents' wrath. To them their love affair was desperate and tragical.

They must elope. That much they had agreed on. But Wilma had always hoped deep in her heart that Clear Creek would win out and that she could triumphantly bring Billy into the fold of Clear Creek citizens. It might be said Billy was the enterprising editor of the Sand Hill Courier. Being a progressive editor, and the son of his father, a chip off the old block, he had the inside track of where his future abiding place would be, and the extent of the humility and failure of one Gordon Rathburn Harston. But the knowledge made him love the daughter more.

On this particular morning in August as they were thrashing out some of the final details, Billy pointed down towards the shifting smoke. "To-morrow, it will be published in the Sand Hill Courier just what that gang down there intends to do. The grading will be

begun the day after through the town limits of Sand Hill."

"Billy!" cried Wilma with startled eyes on his face. "Billy, how dare you talk to me that way?"

"But it's the truth," said Billy. "I've known all the time Sand Hill was on their route, but I wasn't authorized to tell it, not even to you. Sand Hill is

going to make a town."

For an instant Wilma forgot her own heart, for it went out to her father. She saw him suddenly broken and shattered. "Poor father: Billy, I can't go with you now. I couldn't do it, while I know Sand Hill is going to get the railroad. That would be one blow too many for Father. It would be the last straw. Father wouldn't live through it.'

Billy looked at her thoughtfully. "Now the deuce. You know you've got to, for you promised. No matter which town got the county seat or the depot, you said you would run off with me and get married. You've got to keep your word. You couldn't change things now, or do your father any good."

Wilma looked with mournful eyes. "Alright, Billy, I will do as you say for

I know you know best.'

"In two weeks the work train will get into Sand Hill. A special excursion train will run in on that day and back out, but we couldn't go on that, for we'd be caught. I know the engineer on that engine down yonder and at night he will take us on the engine down to the main line as soon as the track is laid into town. We could make a clean getaway then."

"Oh! that would be exciting, Billy, but I believe I would be afraid.

"Not as long as you are with me. And that would be lots better than being caught, for then the deal would be up. You'll have to get out of the window at night. I will wait down the road by that clump of trees with a carriage and then we'll rush over to Sand Hill where the engineer will be ready to start at once."

Wilma gazed long and earnestly at the black smoke in the distance for in the smoke she could see the means of her own happiness and the doom of her father. She did not relish the idea of a home in Sand Hill, but Love called, and she knew love was stronger than all

"As you say, Billy. I will leave the plans to you. I can get away when they are all asleep, for they have never

suspected any thing yet."

"When it is known Sand Hill gets the railroad, it will be an easy matter to get the court house at the next vote." Billy was radiant for every thing

favored his prospects.
"Poor Father," sighed Wilma as they parted, but Billy shared none of her

comiseration.

The following day all was excitement in the rival towns, for it was known as a settled fact Sand Hill had secured the railroad. Sand Hill had out its dozen piece band and it was a gala day. Flags were flying, and speeches were made on the great future of Sand Hill. Clear Creek on the other hand went into mourning. In Mr. Harston's face furrowed lines appeared and his hair visibly whitened, but he was grim and silent, and Wilma watched him with heavy heart, as though she were responsible for it in some way.

In a few days the exodus began. Like rats deserting a sinking ship, families were crossing the river to get in on the ground floor of the boom at Sand Hill. Some, not satisfied with just taking their household goods, and who owned their own homes, loaded the

frame structures on wheels and took them along. The town each day became more deserted and dismantled.

Money was going from the bank of Mr. Harston to the vault of one Mr. Sanders. Trade at the stores was going to Sand Hill with the emigrants. Mr. Harston's competitors were taking their goods and chattles away, but even then the business at the Harston General Merchandise store was far below normal. The great upbuilder of Clear Creek felt in the position of Cassibianica on the burning ship.

The day for voting on the county seat proposition arrived, but Harston had given up hopes of securing the votes for Clear Creek. Sadly he looked at the large barn-like structure of the court house. About the only thing they would be able to keep was the school house and a few of the stone buildings put up with native rock. The school house they had reasons to be proud of, and a large new bell had been ordered and as soon as it arrived would be hung in the belfry. Clear Creek looked forward with great bouyancy to the ringing of the school house bell. It was due to arrive at any time by freight overland.

As was expected, Sand Hill was voted the county seat, and in his private office where he manipulated the strings so successfully, sat Mr. Sanders pere, triumphantly gloating. He was fat, complacent, and shiny. He was a Back of him was a successful man. man who owned half of Sand Hill, half of the land in the county, and who had much wealth in other parts of the world. It was through this invisible man the railroad had been influenced, hence the secret Mr. Harston had in vain tried to puzzle out; why a town so unpromising as Sand Hill could get the things so promising a place as Clear Creek, could not. Solutions of which have often been asked the silent sphinx, and just as often left unanswered. Mr. Sanders could thoroughly have explained the process if he had cared. He had been playing the game with stacked cards but he enjoyed none the less the absolute defeat of his able opponent.

The county officers with the county effects were prepared to fold their tents, and silently cross the river. About a dozen or two of families only would remain true to the little village of their

first love.

All the time Wilma watched with whitened cheeks the aging process of her father. Her mother watched her, wondering at her concern and pre-Mrs. Harston's chief occupation. consideraation was the physical welfare of her family and had never taken but little interest in the economic side of life. If they were well and had enough to live comfortably on, left nothing for her to worry about. She felt the blow to her husband was a bad one, and from which it would take time to recover. Her optimism was a rock of strength in the crisis. Wilma always knew that after she took the step she was contemplating, she could make it up with her mother, but her father was cause for different speculation.

The Harston home was a large twostory frame building occupying the most elevated part of town. It was not pretentious, but comfortable and roomy. It was furnished lavishly for the time and place. Wilma's room was in the northeast corner of the second floor. It had two windows, one facing north

and one facing east.

The day the excursion train pulled in over the rough and uneven new road, it brought a crowd of curious excursionists who swarmed out over the new town making derogatory remarks of the uncivilized appearance of the pert and independent little place. Wilma took to her room some cotton rope and stood and watched the smoke from her window. To see the rising smoke from the train was a novel and entertaining sight. It marked an epoch for all individuals in that region, and herself in particular. That night she was to let herself out of her window and meet Billy.

After supper she sewed on a piece of fancy work while her father and mother read. The younger children took their usual night's romp and went to bed. At her regular bed time Wilma got up and kissed her father and mother good-night, but the feeling in her heart was vastly different from her usual

good-night kiss. Her father noticed she was not looking herself.

"Daughter, you look tired, and worn out. Don't let this business worry your head any. It's enough for your dad to have to think about it. You concern yourself about your preparations for going away to school."
"Alright, Father," and she patted his cheek. "I feel awful sorry for you, and

I wish you wouldn't worry."

She went to her room and took out a satchel and put in it the things she thought she would need to take. She combed her hair, put on a dark waist and her longest skirt. Then she took a piece of paper and wrote:

"Dear Father:

"I wish you wouldn't worry, and will find it in your heart to forgive me. I couldn't do you any good anyway, and Billy and I love each other desperately. I would like to have told you but you know how you would have taken it. When we come back to Sand Hill I hope you will come to see us. Love to Mother and the children.

"Your disobedient daughter, "Wilma."

Then she let the satchel down to the ground after blowing out her light. She sat by the window waiting for the signal that was to let her know Billy was there-waiting. She had heard her father and mother retire soon after her

light was extinguished.

It was a hot sultry night towards the last of August, moonless, but the stars seemed extra bright and lazily blinked at each other. She dozed by the open window. A shrill whistle suddenly caused her to sit up. She looked down the road. A lantern swung up and down. She struck a match and quickly blew it out. It was to let him know she saw the signal. She swung over the window sill and slid deftly down to the ground, a feat that active outdoor life had made easily possible. The rope smarted her hands, but she paid small attention to that. She ran down the road to the clump of shrub and trees behind which the carriage was waiting. Billy grabbed her in his arms, kissed her and quickly thrust her in the back seat. The driver hit the horses with the whip and soon were whirling towards

the Sand Hill station where an engine snorting and panting waited to carry them away.

"Poor father! Billy, this will be the last straw!" said Wilma commiserating-

ly.

"Let us hope not," said Billy, who didn't know exactly what he meant.

Little did either of them know what would be the "last straw." The next morning after waiting past the regular time for Wilma to come down, her mother went to her room. There she found the note explaining her daughter's departure. She took the note to Mr. Harston, who read it without a word. But that morning he went to the bank breakfastless, his head bowed, his shoulders stooped. He walked as one in a dream.

The school house bell had arrived, and all that forenoon workmen were busy hanging it in the belfry. Mr. Harston gave the general instructions, but with different spirit than that with which the bell had been ordered. By noon the bell was rung, but it seemed without life, perhaps because the enthusiasm of the inhabitants was slumbering. The number of children it would call to school had been diminished to such a great extent, and the whole world needs numbers to make for spirit and enthusiasm. The heat of the day was also oppressive.

From early morning the heat waves could be seen in the air. Not a leaf waved or a blade of grass stirred. The air scorched the lungs; the sidewalks sizzled and cracked. The atmosphere vibrated with tenseness. Along in the afternoon long white streamers of clouds, like fingers, reached from the horizon in the northwest to directly overhead. Later, low down appeared heavier and darker looking clouds.

"This is a weather breeder," remarked

many of the oldest settlers.

The clouds gathered more rapidly. They got blacker and blacker and seemed to be struggling for space, for they began to bulge in the center. As it neared supper time the clouds were racing madly, the black under clouds topped with white ones that looked like sea foam tossed upon the crest of a wave.

Every citizen of Clear Creek was out watching them with anxiety for they had often seen wind storms and the storm caves were in readiness to receive them at the first breath of rushing wind. Some few of the brave ones went in to eat their suppers.

Mr. Harston watched the clouds fascinated, for the approach of angry clouds when all the elements are mixed in one gigantic turmoil, will hold the most indifferent spellbound. He had his wife and children rounded up ready to make the cave at the first warning.

Then a dull roar, not of thunder, but of wind which is the most terrifying even to the stoutest of hearts, smote their ears and Mr. Harston yelled to "Make the cave, quick!" his family,

As they tumbled into the cave they seemed to be struck by a vacuum that drew the air from their lungs, and then as if hit by a blow, slammed down in the cellar. The trap door fell into place, and all breathless with excitement and fear they closed and bolted the inside door. Even then through the thick overhead came a heavy roar, a splitting and rending as if the world was being torn to pieces. They shuddered.

They were imprisoned an agony of ages before the noise subsided so Mr. Harston dared to lift the trap door and look out. It was black as ink, the wind still blew in hard, fitful gusts. Bright flashes of lightning split the sky. The lightning revealed a black and shapeless mass where the house had stood. He

heard yells and cries.

Leaving his wife and children in the cave he started across the town. He met other men, running, and they joined forces and commenced working desperately at heaps and piles where cries and groans came from. These were the brave ones who had eaten supper. The cave men worked all night. Dawn brought assistance from Sand Hill and from the country. One woman and one baby were killed. Others numbering about a dozen had broken bones and bruises. Of the buildings in Clear Creek, not one was left standing.

The old wooden court house was a shapeless, twisted mass of debris; the school house demolished and scattered to the four winds, the new bell being broken in many useless pieces. Mr. Harston's home, his bank and his store were blown to every part of Clear Creek.

A sad sight for dawn to reveal. A complete destruction of material hopes and ties, as far as a future for Clear

Creek was concerned.

That was not all dawn revealed: Across the river, serene in its high and dry altitude stood Sand Hill, smiling. Not so much as an out-building had been blown down. But its citizens were not hard of heart toward its fallen competitor. They were all solicitious in providing food and shelter for the homeless of Clear Creek, and taking them to its bosom for better or for worse.

That day a special car brought Wilma and Billy back to Sand Hill. They were preparing to take the main line east when they got the news of the disaster of Clear Creek. They lost no time in entering the bonds of wedlock and started back home.

As soon as they arrived Wilma made inquiries for her people and located

them at the little hotel. Billy tagged close at her heels. She saw her father first and threw herself in his arms, shocked at the aging process of so strong a man.

"Father, you must forgive me. I feel as if I was responsible for all your troubles. Please tell me I'm not. Father, won't you make your home now in Sand Hill, along with Billy and

me?"

He patted Wilma on the shoulder without a word. His heart was in his throat and he couldn't speak. Her happiness, and her shining, pleading face, for the first time tended to melt his heart towards the detested Sand Hill. Wilma instictively knew how her father felt.

"Father, you must shake hands with your son-in-law," she said turning towards Billy who anxiously waited

developments.

He did. Wilma clung radiantly to their arms. As they shook hands they looked straight into each others eyes, searchingly, and inquiringly. With that handshake, Mr. Harston became one of the foremost and progressive citizens of Sand Hill.

BALLAD OF A ROSE

Petals all withered and dry,
Wafting a slender perfume;
Carelessly scattered they lie,
Under the old-fashioned loom,—
Here in the oak-raftered room,
Here where the ghosts seek repose.
Why should I blush for a sigh?
This was the debutante's rose.

Impudent ringlets that try,
Gold-mounted combs that presume;
Indolent eyes that defy,

Insolent knights who assume—
Here it lies under the loom—
This—from the lover she chose—
Once was a maiden's reply;
This was the debutante's rose.

Eyes like the blue of the sky, Cheeks like the moss rose's bloom; Youth—which she deemed would not fly—

Wafted her life into gloom— Yes, he lies stark in the tomb— He whom she laughingly chose. Even love's symbol will die: This was the debutante's rose.

Envoi

Whence has he gone from the tomb? Where is milady who chose? What of the wasted perfume? This was the debutante's rose.

J. L. Simpson

"THE FATES"

ELLA BEECHER GITTINGS

F the fates are kind—"

"The fates. O, my dear, how

paganish."
"She means if she has good

"Worse yet. That is not only paganish, but so hap-hazard—so—what shall I call it? So impersonal that it smacks of-why it is fairly agnostic in its sound.

"Well, what would you say?"

"I? Oh, I should say 'Providence permitting,' of course."

"But that seems to me irreverent—dragging "Providence" into all our petty affairs—it seems almost like a breach of the Third Commandment."

"But don't you believe in fate, really? That what is to be, will be, and nothing we can do will alter it?"

"I believe in an over-ruling Providence, but I am no fatalist—certainly not. Our lives are in our own hands subject to His guiding if we put our trust in Him.'

"But suppose we don't put our trust

in Him', what then?

"Why, then we are left to—to—I don't know as I can express exactly what I mean. We are then in the hands of—"

"Fate of course—don't dodge it." "No, she means we fight shy of 'Providence,' we have to trust to luck." 'My child, how can you?-Talk

about irreverence!"

"Well I know that Fate or Luck or something meaning the same took hold of my destiny once when I had done my best to bungle things, and straightened out all the tangles, anchored me in a safe place and gave me the only happiness I ever knew. It could not have been Providence for I certainly did not trust to His guidance, more than does the gambler when he throws the dice. In fact I did the same as trust

all my future to the throw of the dice and I won."
"Tell us about it."

"It's rather a long story—I've never told it. I've been so ashamed of the beginning-so glad of the ending-it was such a wonderful experience—so inexplicable as to be almost uncanny. But if you care to hear it, I'd like to have you decide whether it was fate, luck or Providence that led me to throw doubles every time I shook the dice. You have known me only since I was a staid matron and you may be surprised at the turbulent, passionate girlhood my story will reveal-for to make you understand it I must go back to 'Once upon a time.' "

In a small town in the lumber regions of Washington away back in the '80's lived a Girl and a Boy. The Girl's mother had come in the early '70's to teach the district school, when the town was only a lumber camp, and when she had taught but three months was married to a lumberman with whom she lived a somewhat checkered life until the Girl—their only child—was five years old, when the father was caught in a log jam and killed. The mother having no relatives to whom she could go-and no money to go with if she had—resumed her teaching of the district school and so stayed on in the little town where she had many warm friends. The Boy's father was the pastor of the one church in the town. He also was an only child—four years older than the girl and, contrary to all traditions of minister's sons, was a most exemplary boy. He was handsome as well as good the star scholar in school, never smoked a cigarette or stole water-melons, was respectful to his parents and well mannered abroad, brushed his teeth and combed his hair

without being told, and was very gentle and chivalrous to the little girl, between whose parents and his own a warm intimacy had grown, in spite of the fact that the Girl's father was just a common lumberman and never went to church. After the father's death the Girl and her mother moved into a cottage next door to the parsonage and the Boy and Girl grew up together like brother and sister—she domineering and self-willed; he patient, tolerant, and protective. The parents made no secret of their hope that this brotherly and sisterly affection might ripen into a deeper one which would permanently unite the two families.

When the district school was outgrown the Boy was sent to an academy in a neighboring city. For awhile the Girl missed him sadly, but soon made friends with another boy of a different type, the scapegrace of the town, with whom she got into such wild scrapes as to keep her mother in constant terror for life and limb. With girls she had little to do, caring always for outdoor sports, and the idea of athletics for girls had not yet reached the primitive little town, where housework was considered for them sufficient muscular stimulant. During vacation times there was usually much trouble afoot for the Boy did not like her new companion, and in her championship of her rights, as well as a sense of loyalty to her new friend, she made her attachment to him seem greater than it really wasand when one Hallowe'en night she stole out of the house at midnight to join the scapegrace in his pranks, the endurance of her long suffering mother was at an end. She withdrew her small savings from the bank and bundled the naughty child off to a girl's school in Seattle, where she pined for a while with homesickness, but ended by falling desperately in love with her music teacher, a fair-haired youth of twentytwo, who professed to find in her unusual talent, and so devoted many extra hours to improving it and at the same time to initiating her into the gentle art of love-making. The discovery of this additional qualification of the young music master resulted in his dismissal from the school. The discovery

on the part of the girl that she was but one of several objects of his devotion, sent her home for her first summer vacation a broken-hearted, pensive, poetry-reading maiden of fifteen who drew most mournful chords of improvised minor strains from the parsonage organ, and drove the Boy to the verge of distraction by making him her confidant, and giving him distinctly to understand that to one of her intense nature there could be but one true love, and that henceforth she was a blighted being, waiting only for the Angel of Death to bring surcease of pain. She became intensely religious and wrote poetry—in which she wailed:

"Too oft our feeble hearts are set on things of earth;
Too oft we lay our plans and never ask Whether the great All Father wills them so "Till standing by the chasm of the bygone years
We cast our eyes adown the precipice of shattered hopes
And ask, "Wherefore, O Heavenly Father, Wherefore must this be?
Why must we watch our beautious visions of the future
Vanish like dew-drops in the summer sun Until we tear ourselves away from Hope,
Tramp on it, crush it out, and bury it
Beneath the bitter scornings of a cruel world?"

And the Boy, being but nineteen himself and chivalrous by nature, vowed to hunt the recreant lover to the ends of the earth and avenge the Girl. But the Girl "loved him still" and persuaded the Boy to stay his hand and leave the transgressor to "the remorse of his own conscience." Of course this resulted in the Boy's becoming more than ever her abject slave and using every art and persuasion to cause her to transfer her affections from their unworthy object to himself.

When as the summer wore on he noticed that she read less and less poetry, that the organ was neglected, and she even consented to go fishing on the sound. Hope sprang up in his heart, and when she capped the climax by going on a surreptitious hunting expedition with the very scapegrace whose indiscreet comradeship had banished her to boarding school—Hope spread her wings and sang so loudly that the night before he left for college the Boy

offered her his hand and a whole heart in exchange for what she might be able to give him of the fragments of her own broken one.

But she looked reproachfully at him and assured him that the seeming amusements in which she had joined were forced upon her by the desire to hide her bleeding heart under a mask of gayety from the eyes of the cruel world, and that she held LOVE too sacred to bestow her hand on one person while her heart belonged to another, and she urged him to seek another maiden who could give him her ALL. But she offered to be always his dearest friend and the confidant of his joys and sorrows, and so they went back to school promising to write to each other once

a week at the very least.

When the girl was eighteen the mother died leaving her penniless, all that could be saved having been spent on her education. The Boy was still in college working his own way. The correspondence had lagged these busy years—chiefly the fault of the Girl—who, though having no more violent affairs of the heart, yet had many new interests, as well as many new friends to occupy her time. She refused of course to be dependent upon her friends at the parsonage. The necessity to earn her own living offered her a chance, long secretly desired, to break away from all restraints of kindred and friends and try her fortunes in the great untried world. Through a teachers agency she secured a position in a Southern California town, where she speedily made new friends, and bringing to her work the energy of her impetuous nature made a marked success.

Then she met the Man. Brilliant, cultured, wealthy, the owner of large orange groves with a beautiful home where he lived alone with a serving man and his housekeeper wife, what wonder that he drew the twenty-year-old girl to him on the flood tide of an impetuous wooing? Besides all his other attractions he had a title. He was Sir James Abernathy—"Lady Abernathy"—what could appeal more strongly to a

romantic girl?

During the first year of her California sojourn the minister's wife died, the next year the minister followed her, and the Boy, now out of college, came to her from the death bed of his father to make a last plea in the name of his unwavering love and the well known desire of their parents, that she come to him for shelter and protection, giving him trust and affection even if she could not love as he did. In time she would grow to love him he told her. He felt sure of that. When is not love sure?

But the glamour cast by Sir James was just then beginning to overshadow her. She sent the Boy away, telling him she must live her own life, and she was convinced it was not to be with him. But she wanted always to cling to him

as a dear brother and friend.

The Boy, however, had borne enough. Wounded love and pride arose strong within him. He, also, had his life to live, he told her, and it must not be a broken, clinging thing. She must be all to him or nothing. If she could not be his wife, he must never see her again.

She must choose now.

She looked at him in amazement. This was a phase of the Boy she had never before seen. No longer her abject slave, he stood before her a MAN. demanding as well as supplicating. Actually dictating terms to her. Her heart was stirred, as he had never stirred it before. All his past devotion and chivalry pleaded for him. She could trust him-she knew thatand she need not marry him at once. He had his place to make in the world first. She could still have a few years in the orange groves among the new friends whose adulation was as strong wine to her veins. All she must do was to promise—the Boy would be waiting for her. They stood at the door, her hand in his for farewell, his eyes searching hers-

"Cannot you do it, little girl? It means so much to me—and—why, it must be that you love me. You do not know your own heart. Trust me; you

will never regret it."

She had almost yielded, was hesitating only for words to form a suitable retreat from her avowed position. "He who hesitates is lost." There were orange blossoms in a vase in the hall—a breeze from the open door blew their

odor to her nostrils. On the instant arose a vision of Sir James' splendid mansion. A memory of the look in his dark eyes, the pressure of his hand as they glided through the waltz in the beautiful rose embowered room. He had spoken of ancestral estates in Engalnd, had hinted, oh, so many things. The Boy must have read something in her eyes, for suddenly he paled.

"Is there someone else?" he asked. In a panic, she bent her head. "Oh. no!-no!-that is-I cannot tell-Oh,

do not ask me."

The Boy drew a long, sharp breath. He put his arm about her shoulders

and bent to kiss her forehead.

"There is someone else," he said, "you are not for me. Good-bye, dear, and God bless you—and help me bear The last a mere whisper.

Then he turned away. But franti-

cally the Girl clung to him.

"You will write to me—I cannot let you go this way—after all these years. someway we must still belong to each other."

"There is only one way dearest-I could not bear it to see you the wife of another-we must go our separate

ways-Good-bye."

The door was shut behind him. She heard his unsteady footsteps along the pavement, and went to her room to sob herself to sleep, and dream that she was being smothered by orange blossoms, and that in the midst of her agony a strong 'oice called "Lady Abernathy," and at the open window stood the Boy with a huge fan in his hand dispersing the horrid odor, and she caught her breath and awoke.

She was at breakfast when a messenger boy brought a box of the most magnificent orange blossoms she had ever seen, and there was a note in a

crested envelope which said:

"Sir Abernathy's compliments, and he would be most flattered if you would accept a place in his car with a small party of friends for an afternoon at the Beach."

If it had been Sir Abernathy alone, just then she could not have gone, but with a party—why yes—how foolish to refuse.

In just a month from that day she was wearing a splendid diamond ring, and society columns in the leading papers made mention of the engagement and the near approach of the wedding day.

She knew the Boy would see them. She felt sure that in spite of himself he would watch the California papers wherever he was, and the thought made a tiny cloud in the otherwise clear sky of her happiness. But later from that

clear sky came a thunderbolt.

The morning of the day set for the wedding, as she lay on the couch in her room going over and over in her mind the rehearsal of the night before, and trying to compose herself for a short rest before her bridesmaids should come to her, a messenger brought a note in the familiar crested envelope. It was a thick note and she opened it with a smile and a joyful flutter of the heart the last note from her lover—the next would be addressed "Lady Abernathy." How wonderfully her romantic dreams had come true. If only the Boy—she sighed and brushed the intruding thought away. Then she read:

"Dearest—How can I break the dreadful news? The bubble has burst—the game is up. I played for large stakes and I have lost. Would to God, the devil had not tempted me quite so far. He might have left you out of the game. I deserve it all, but YOU—Oh, my God! There can be no hell hot enough to give me my deserts. If I dared, I would go there now, but I'm a coward as well as a cheat. I have always been a coward—I shall die one. So once more I'm a fugitive from

justice-."

Then he told his story. He was not Sir Abernathy at all, but a defaulting bank clerk. Out of his stealings he had bought the orange groves years ago and amassed his wealth. He had fled from Montreal, the scene of his defalcation, by sailing vessel to Cuba. Thence on another vessel, each time with a new disguise, to San Francisco. From there under his assumed name he had gone to Southern California as an English capitalist. In the meantime he had grown his English cut beard, which, with hair dye, completed his disguise. After leaving her the night

before, he had seen on the streets an officer of the bank which he had robbed, had overheard a conversation between him and a well known detective. They had a clue; it had been followed persist-ently, and he was discovered. The arrest was to be made next morning. For the sake of the affianced bride everything was to be done secretly—no newspaper stir—till they had him back in Montreal under his real name. By the time the letter was delivered he would be aboard a vessel bound for the Orient with a new name and a new dis-guise, and so good-bye. The girl had presence of mind enough to touch a match to the awful letter and throw it in the grate. Then with senses so benumbed that she acted as in a dream, she groped her way to the couch and slipped into unconsciousness

Strangely enough her last remembered thought before she fainted was:

"O, Boy, Boy, if you were here you

would tell me what to do.'

It was not long before she came to herself, and she was still alone. It lacked but an hour of the time her bridesmaids were to come. Of course the overpowering thought was that she could not face the awful disgrace and endure the pity of her friends. She, too, must escape. She had not time to Her trunks were consider where. packed ready to be sent to the mansion in the orange groves. Hastily, she took from one a street costume, packed a suit case with a few necessaries, left a note telling her landlady to keep the trunks till called for, went softly down the stairs, and out the front door without meeting anyone and boarded a street car at the nearest corner. She rode to the end of the line, which was miles out in the orange country among newly planted groves. There it met a branch from the railway. She entered the little country station and consulted a time table and her purse. The latter contained about twelve dollars in cash, and a warrant for her last month' salary. She took the next train for a nearby town where she waited till her trunks came, burned the consolatory letters which came with them, and which she never answered, and then went on to Sacramento. According to all traditions

she should have had brain fever, but she did not. She only suffered and worked, secretly hoping for some news of the Boy, who alone she felt could help her to bear her trouble. She did not even know where he was, or what his life work was to be, and having sent him away as she did, she was too proud to inquire. She subscribed for the paper in their little home town, but no word of him came in it for over a year. Then there was a brief paragraph sayin g that he had gone with an exploring and colonizing party to South Africa, and they wished him success. That was all. She wrote to the paper for further information and his address, but they knew nothing of his where-abouts, or the names of the men with whom he had sailed. Now, indeed, she felt utterly alone in the world. She had no part for anything. She was no longer succeeding well in her work as a teacher. She shunned society—read misanthropic books-hugged her grief, and sometimes had mad thoughts of the suicide path to oblivion.

Then came another unexpected turn of affairs. A small legacy came to her from a distant and unknown relative of her father's, whose lawyers had traced her after some months of effort.

With the legacy came a strange revulsion of feeling. She was young all the world before her. Why not try new scenes and make a fresh start? A wild plan suggested itself. She took a gazeteer from her shelves, and opened a box of alphabet letters, relics of her mother's country teaching. She scattered them over the table, and shutting her eyes, picked one up at random.

It was an S. She opened her gazeteer to the towns beginning with S. Again closing her eyes, she made passes up and down the page with a pencil, and finally dropping its point, marked a town at random. This she repeated seven times till seven towns covering the whole range of the S's had been marked. The names of these she copied on slips of paper which she shuffled, turned face downward upon the table, and then drew as before with closed eyes. The lot fell upon a little town in the lumber regions of Maine. With maps and railway guide she located it, and found the best route thither.

Her future home thus settled, the question of occupation arose. Against teaching she had firmly decided. She recalled an article in a current magazine on "Occupations for Untrained Wommen." She hunted it up, wrote the names of various vocations on slips and drew as before. The lot fell to "Poultry Raising."

In the intervals of preparations for her journey she studied poultry advertisements, and read such articles on the subject as came to hand. Should she try it on a town lot or a small country place, was the next thing to be decided. The lot said "In town."

In an incredibly short space of time, her business affairs were settled and she was speeding on the fast express to her unknown home, to her untried business, to an utterly alien people. Resolutely she cast all fear to the winds. If the least doubt arose, she strangled it in its infancy. A strange exhilaration possessed her. She seemed to be urged onward by some unknown, inexplicable force, which she would not, or could not resist. It was a new birth—as though an infant could be born into the world possessed of mature body and mind. She engrossed herself so completely with new scenes and new interests, and entered so heartily into them that instead of spending wakeful, grieving nights as heretofore, she went promptly to sleep on retiring and knew nothing, dreamed nothing, until daylight aroused her to yet newer scenes, and the morning came when she stepped with beating heart, but the spirit of a conqueror upon the railway plat-form of a tidy New England village and drew in long, satisfying breaths of pine-scented mountain air. By lot, she selected one of the two small hotels, and established herself there till she could purchase a site for her new business.

It was Saturday when she reached her destination. Sunday morning dawned clear and bright with the warm blossom-ladened odors of mid-spring floating in at the open windows. As she finished dressing a peal of church bells calling to early morning Sunday-

school smote her ears. At breakfast she inquired concerning the churches. There were three—Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal. She went to her room. dressed carefully for church, and once more choosing by lot, walked through the quiet, grass-bordered streets to a quaint ivy covered stone building surmounted by a cross. Following the usher to a seat, she knelt, as was the custom of the church, and bowed her head upon the rail in front. So she remained several moments putting up a half formulated prayer for peace and prosperity in the new home so strangely chosen. While so engaged, she was conscious that the usher had seated, a gentleman by her side, who likewise knelt. Resuming her seat, she glanced casually at him. He was well dressed in a manner suggestive of the well-to-do professional man. The hand which rested on the rail almost hiding his profile was white, but with a firmness betokening the skilled artisan. On the little finger, so near her, was an old fashioned cameo ring. The sight of the ring gave her a sudden start—so familiar it was—she looked closer. Yes, there was a nick in the stone, just where a lock of white hair, escaping the fillet of the Grecian head, floated across the pink background to the gem's edge. She drew a quick excited breath and scanned the bowed head by her side. more closely. She knew now the peculiar shade of that fair hair, with just a hint of bronze, close clipped though it was. In her earliest remembered childhood she had sat in the lap of a woman who wore that ring, and listened to stories of Greek maidens, while her finger traced the nicked edge of the pretty pink stone. The man slowly raised his head, and as if drawn by the fascination of her excited gaze, turned his face toward her, and she looked straight into the eyes of the BOY.

It was all a mistake about his going to South Africa. He was a surgeon in a near-by city, called to the little town on a professional visit, and had dropped in to the church to pass the waiting hours till his homebound train should arrive.

But he let that train go by, and by the time the next one came Boy and Girl had been quietly married by the strange rector in the little church of their wonderful reunion, the nicked cameo which had belonged to his mother, serving as a wedding ring.

"And so, as I said at the outset, came to me the only real joy of my life, a life I had blindly trusted to chance in a fit of sheer desperation. If it was not fate—what was it?"

"Good luck, to be sure. The goodest kind of good luck."
"O, my dears, my dears, if ever the guiding Hand of a loving Providence was strikingly manifested, was it not in this?"

AUTUMN COMRADESHIP

What is there in the Wilderness that calls my soul afar; That bids me leave the crowded way, to cast aside each bar; To lose myself in forest aisles and watch the red leaves fall; What is there in the Wilderness that I should heed its call?

Oh, the Wilderness is singing! Every lilting bird is flinging All the rapture of his winging And his airy tree-top swinging Into artless notes no heart can fail to understand.

There the wild grapevine is clinging, And the locust, lightly springing, Sets the timid harebell ringing,

While the cool north wind is bringing, Heraldings that stir and quicken, from a dim, remoter land. The caw of the crows is echoing clear across the golden corn, They are hiding afar in the forest where the deep blue mists are born, But the call that my soul hears dimly is more than a raucous cry; "Come, let us be comrades together, the forest and you and I."

Oh, the Wilderness is playing! Slender twigs are slightly swaying. Sunlight everywhere is straying All the lingering leaves arraying

In the richest hues of purple, red and russet gold.

Now the strong forget their preying, Needless fears and cares allaying, Comrades close, the birds are staying, And the cool north wind is saying:

"Tis the time when youth is learning wisdom from the old." This message from the Wilderness fills all my soul to-day:— "The hour is come for comradeship, the world is all at play; The seething tides of passion ebb, no young cry out for food; The Wilderness has joy and peace, for love has reached its flood."

-Mary Hall Davison

FIRST FLIGHT OF THE WAR BIRDS

PATRICK VAUX

ELL?"

"Still jammed. Confoundedly awkward, this."

Lieutenant-Commander Perwyne made a wry mouth, and continued to contemplate the wireless cabin's slip. The junior officer, He did not speak. who had brought him the unwelcome news, began to make the best of it.

"Of course it is an annoyance, but—" "Just so. It's an annoyance," Perwyne interjected dryly, bending a little closer to him lest the whistling wind carried away the words. "It cuts both ways."

Deland chuckled grimly. "It serves us better than them, at any rate! East-'ard, there'll be a chance of doing something, 'stead of hanging on to the Navy Board's wires for our moves."

"Well, yes. But they won't know soon enough, if—if—"

Lieutenant Commander Perwyne ceased. The two haggard-faced officers looked at each other; their tired eyes were charged with a meaning which but a few weeks ago would have been derided. The destroyer canted to a sucking hollow, and Deland clutched the near bridge-rail.

"This jamming, if it is atmospheric, can't hold much longer," said he cheerfully. "We'll soon know, with all this

play of fire around."
"There's something else. Don't you forget," snapped his superior officer.

The greyness in the air, that had hung confusingly along the horizon when first the destroyer like others that afternoon had been ordered to extend her scouting area, consequent on the unanticipated breakdown in the wireless communications, was now resolving into murky vapor veiling the farther

reaches of sea. As with eyes narrowed against the current of air putting across the bridge, Deland searched the ever shifting curtain, that merged into the banks of livid cloud stretching the whole length of the north and east horizons, a feeling of desperation took him, but only for a moment. Firmly he put from him all thoughts of home and those dear to him.

The United States was suffering

sharp anguish.

Out of the corner of his eye the commanding officer glimpsed the forward lookout peering into the south-west.

"What d'ye see, Heisch?"

The seaman knuckled a leash of brine out of his eyes. Again he strained his sight, and shooting forth his left arm gestured at a speck low down on the vague demarcation of sky and wat-Deland switched his glasses on it. The C. O. had his up in a trice. But the minute blur was gone already.

"Sea bird," roared the lookout against

the gusty wind.
"Sea bird," echoed Perwyne. But
he glanced at Deland who was taking

the binoculars slowly from his eyes.
"The haze smudges everything,"
said the junior officer doubtfully. "Sooner thunder clears the air the better

for us!"

"More in God's skies than the Navy Board, ours or t'other, ever calculated,' Deland muttered to himself, dodging some spray spurting over the forecastle and weather-screen. "It's some folks" cocksureness that has brought us to this d-d pass!"

A stiff undecided engagement in the West Atlantic and a hard-won victory in the Carribean Sea, together with a Flying Squadron in European waters, had depleted the naval forces of the United States as well as those of her adversaries. Both sides were now straining every nerve to repair disabled vessels and to complete those launched, while U.S. men-of-war detailed for commerce protection, and destruction, had been recalled for reinforcement of the command now in the West Atlantic and of that holding the passes of the Carribean Sea against another descent on southern strategic bases.

That which is more poignant than even all the horrors and sufferings of defeat was now threatening to rend the

commonwealth asunder.

Of a sudden Deland touched his C. O.'s arm when the thud of a gun, jerky, emphatic even in its faroffness, rapped through shrouding murk and falling breeze. Almost directly was it followed by an outburst of firing, irregular yet fierce and sustained.

"We're at it, right ahead. Glory, we'll run bang into it," the lieutenantcommander grated, lines of grim anticipation stiffening his grey face. "Gee-

whiz, what a flash!"

In dazzling gleam, forked lightning had stabbed the sickly red heavens north to east. An abrupt, rattling peal overpowered the sound of the guns for a little. Then in the succeeding silence the firing mounted fiercer, but more puzzling.

"Drawing more into the nor'-nor'-east," cried Deland. "More than likely we'll settle what's really interfering

with the wireless."

Perwyne, without taking the binoculars off the distance ahead, nodded

thoughtfully in reply.

There was that in the scattered cannonading which gave the commanding officer much ground for ominous surmise.

As at forty-five miles an hour the petrol-driven war craft raced onwards, the spray hurled white and solid from her bows sheeted to leeward over forecastle and bridge works, the particles stinging the skin like buckshot and penetrating all clothing. Deland turned to leeward to wipe his smarting face and cast a look over the deck where men had been piped to their posts. Just then he marked the wind suddenly

drop to a dead calm. Out of the center of the cloud-banks traveling west from the north and east, their foremost phalanx now almost overhead, steely blue fires flickered and flashed to the crash and rumble of thunder booming along the desolate waters like the sound of approaching cataclysm.

"More than us having a hand in this,"

he grunted under his breath.

A feeling came to him that the uncontrollable elemental force sweeping down swiftly was about to fall on them all, just like a viol of deadly wrath on a blind man's helplessness.

From the Lieutenant-Commander burst a startled exclamation of exasperation and incredulity. His voice rang harsh, his words like expletives.

"An aeroplane!—no sea bird."
"Yes. Aeroplane," confirmed the subordinate officer, working his binoculars on the speck that had reappeared from out the faraway murk ahead, and was now heading for the scout at an almost inconceivable velocity.

"The explanation now of that rumor, early in the war, of transports," Perwyne rapped out fiercely, scrutinizing the devil machine. "Their move is very plain. By thunder, what a splen-

did and iron nerve."

"They are striking before our reinforcements get away to sea," reflected Deland, catching his breath as with a strange sensation at heart he watched the hostile war bird grow into the out-

lines of a monoplane.

Thoughts flashed into him of the U. S. A. aeronautic force still in the "poohbah" stage owing to official lethargy of New York, far astern, and other main bases to be wrecked and devastated. Thoughts, too, of Washington in flames and horror, and of the country panicstricken. A clamor would arise for the cessation of hostilities, and at what price?

It was to hasten the work being effected by nervous throes and aggravated commercial distress consequent of the course of the war that the raid by air had been launched from the deck of aeroplane transports not 380 miles distant.

Perwyne turned from issuing orders to counter the new and appalling element of danger.

"A monoplane, sure enough," said he to Deland. "This confounded calm helps them. Hope to God, a thunder-

bolt shrivels them up!"

That instant a streak of flame ripped athwart the sky ahead, illuming in a horrid glare the ash-colored waters and momentarily blinding the sight. In the faroff rolling that followed, the strident hum of the nearing enemy was lost to the ear.

The next second the shrill scream of the monoplane's propeller cut the air —a furious cackling arose from the de-

stroyer's bow piece.

Tilting steep, the air craft shot up higher to evade the shells bursting around, then under her. She swerved like a bird to port and starboard, escaping the wing fire, then with engines throttled swooped down, just above the vessel's deck, and wholly out of the quickfirers' trajectories. As yet naval gun-mountings for including vertical firing were but in the experimental stage.

Even to the rifles cracking out, upturned eyes saw the aviator who sat in a cradle abaft the lifting planes, drop a missile. The devil machine obliquely

cleaved upward as he did so.

The projectile missed the port quarter by six feet, and the impact of its explosion jolted the destroyer. Another shell almost simultaneously tearing up the depths a few feet away, the combined geysers of spray and water fell like a waterspout across her deck, and carried men off their feet.

She's hit!" "She's hit! Deland shouted huskily, blinking his eyes on a tortuous shaft of lightning searing the

"She's tumbling!" crowed the lieutenant-commander. But the metallic crash and ricochetting peals convulsing the lowering heavens to eastward over-

whelmed the sound of his voice.

His whistle shrilled "Cease fire." In maniacal joy he gesticulated at the grey-winged air machine that was hurtling down, tractors first as if her motors were disabled. When she was within two hundred feet of the surface of the waters, out of the skiff-like cradle some back way from the engines and behind the main planes, fell the unfortunate aviator, his arms and legs outspread as if in some vain resistance. Turning somersaults he whirled down, and disappeared in the scatter of spray of the machine hitting the water.

Just then an excited voice hailed the

bridge.

"Running into the thick of them," boomed the lieutenant. "A hold up, ahead. How many tackling them?"

"Vermont and California," trumpeted the lynx-eyed signalman, "crusier seems to be standing by the flagship.'

"She's hit. She's hit for'a'd," burst out Deland, a thumbnail blob of flame jetting forth on the nearer vessel's fore deck, to be succeeded by a mushroomlike puff of light yellow vapor.

"Yes. Vermont punched. Appears to be on fire,—California, also, somewhere aft," was the C. O.'s answer.

"She seems to be drawing most of the

attack now."

A zigzag of lightning fretted the east horizon in a brilliant greenish flash, sharply outlining the sea line; and as a solemn hollow, distant peal reverberated a spitter of heavy rain fell. There was not a breath of wind, and the whack-whacking and spits of flame from the warships came greatening over the darkening sea. Astern, sulphur-hued haze obscured the disappearing sun, and the wrecked monoplane was no longer visible.

To Deland, the devil machines, in the deepening murk, looked like a flight of monstrous birds, hovering and swooping, turning and circulating, in widely scattered formation around and above the two vessels. Now and again a jump of white water or a spurt of fire told when a bomb had missed its blinded

prey or struck her.

Perwyne replaced the stopper of the wireless cabin's voice-tube, and glanc-

ing at the junior officer shook his head.
"God help Uncle Sam this night,"
cried Deland. "Only ninety minutes of their rocketing ahead—and New York'll be in flames."

"I make them out to be 'tween forty and fifty strong," cried the C. O. "After getting off their transport, that has dodged us, 'way east'ard, have kept out of sight, topsides of the dirt gathering all day. Where the rest of them? We're trying to stop this lot, at any rate."

"Vermont down by the bows. She's been previously knocked about for'a'd.'

The senior officer nodded in reply. Whip-like his orders cut the air.

Already a sub-division of four monoplanes had stood away out of the mazy concentric disposition, and were coming along full tilt on the destroyer.

Stridently, with canted mazzle, her

bow quickfirer spat shell.

The leading air craft of the racing line pivoted away from the area of the bursting projectiles; but the splinters evidently damaged the second monoplane's left balancing wing. She tilted dangerously as if turning over on that side, then slowly glided seaward to rest on her pontoons, and be shattered

by rifle fire.

Yet the other two had darted up to 2,900 feet, out of the gun's trajectory, and even now were dropping like hawks to inflict the death-blow. The destroyer veered away to enfilade them. From her deck a withering small-arms fire opened upward that killed the aviator in the third machine, his squirming body falling out of it in the headlong descent.

But on the sea craft's forecastle a missile from the rearmost enemy fell with a sickening thud—to roll off into the water to port, unexploded. Another burst in the sea to starboard ere the foe

fled astern.

Then into Perwyne's eye leaped a midget figure on the top of the flagship's after turret—the destroyer, having hoisted her private number, now making to pass astern and come up to star-board. With unparallelled coolness amid the infernal hurly-burly of spluttering gun and erupting bomb, the signalman using his arms was swiftly semaphoring orders. Sheet lightning flashing out beyond, he and the battleship, crumpled and wrecked upperworks and jury-rigged wireless mast, were outlined, exact and rigid like details of a picture etched in fire.

Into the almost impenetrable darkness momentarily filling the vision there gushed a yellow splash that billowed into a dull glow on board the Vermont's after deck. Amidst the scuffling thunder overhead Perwyne felt lips touch his ear, and heard his signalman's voice. Its frail, indomitable sound symbolized an infinity of thought, resolution and promptness in duty.

"Flagship signals she's sinking. come up—port quarter—wounded."

When the destroyer swept round the stern of the Vermont the top of her after turret was a flaming pyre, and blazing fluid was trickling onto the turret structure and the adjoining deck. Monoplanes swooped down from different points, one succeeding in dashing her liquid fire bomb on the battleship's forecastle, another in lodging a missile that blew out the face of the forward superstructure.

A projectile, dropped wide, threw up a large cone of spray and water washing over the destroyer's nose as she surged abreast of a large jagged gap just above the flagship's water-line amidships. But to a signalling arm from a group of officers there she fell into station alongside, between the two armoured

vessels.

At a glance her Bridge had taken in that the flagship of the Vice-Admiral commanding the West Atlantic squadron had been heavily handled in an engagement of only some hours back. and the Vermont was being convoyed home by the cruiser. It was noted, too, that the California drew far ahead, away to star-board, taking the brunt of the attack with her. The air craft were indistinctly seen, save when electric fluid emblazoned the air, some diving in volplane to discharge their shells on the cruiser's sputtering deck, some rising to return and swoop down again, trying to blast the gun positions with fire bombs, thus rendering them untenable and blinding the marksmen. A few on being hit exploded in mid-air into tongues of fire, others dropped waterward to their instant doom.

Shrouded by the sultry murk and the fast falling night—glimpsed in the incessant play of lightning which was growing very intense in the norththe scene was as a nightmare of hell's. Yet, on the American destroyer's afterdeck, two seamen as ordered were trying to rescue a half-burnt and blinded aviator who groaning heavily was floating near by, supported by the pon-

toons of his disabled craft.

The destroyer heaved uneasily, and her C. O.'s sea-bred instincts responded. To the seamen making fast the hawser that had been attached to a handline cast on board there rang his urgent hail to be smart.

The same second, a bomb breaking on the Vermont's deck between the amidship and forward casemates, down her side seethed a broad cascade of purplish fire, and from the smoking deck a burning figure leaped screaming into the sea. Within the lieutenant-commander's purview raced singed, halfnaked, grimy bluejackets led by a blackened officer, plying hose and sodden sacks desperately on the conflagration.

Thrice the extemporised cradle was rapidly hauled athwart the hawser, and moaning wounded were deposited on the small craft's deck. But on the

fourth trip delay ensued.

The lantern shining in the wrecked bunker behind the gap showed a small group of dishevelled men vainly urging a greyheaded Flag Officer in tattered uniform to be seated in the cradle. But he, stiff with bandages and splints, was stubbornly resisting the faithful arms that supported him. Anger contorted his seamed and bloody face. Indignantly, with his free hand, he indicated the wounded now being put down behind him by stretcher-bearers.

Of a sudden, while Perwyne strained all his faculties apprehensively over the dusky sea, he hailed the Vermont peremtorily. Even as on board the destroyer the hawser was cut there came the first swirl of the gale, a confusing run of water joggling the small craft, and then hard upon this a terrific flash of forked fire hurled sheer across the darkness ahead. The stunning effect of the tremendous crash was lost in another vast quivering white blaze, enveloping sky and sea as if the world had burnt on fire

had burst on fire.

For that infinitesimal fraction of time everything appeared to stand still in the shadowless glare, to be gulfed instantaneously in inky darkness. Yet with Perwyne, ringing his engineroom "full speed ahead," and deafened, blinded, by the elemental outbreak, there remained the impression of the gaunt, grey cruiser with bows hove up on a crumbling wall of rushing white-tipped seas and of specks overhead, some, a far, burst into flaring atoms in the lightning stroke, some, nearer at hand, broken and turned somerset by the gigantic breath of the wind, the shrieking of which now belched upon the ear.

It came down with appalling swiftness. Before it the aerial force uselessly tried to flee, keeping low to escape the

danger zone above.

Half-an-hour later, when the destroyer tumbling, smashing, cleaving invincibly drove along the homeward track amid buffeting seas, her C. O., clinging to the rail of her tossing wet bridge, lifted his eyes from where astern there last had been seen the outlines of cruiser and heavily laboring flagship.

cruiser and heavily laboring flagship.
"In touch with Washington again, and running off all the news. Good," he exclaimed, mouth close to the ear of Deland who had reported. "What?—Yes—That message breaking in on our circuit was from the scouts to sou'ard that have nabbed the other transports chock-a-block to the coamings with air machines. Queer how what brought about the wireless jam should have saved us. Coincidence—or course!"

That was just what Perwyne thought.

HERE AND THERE

THE PRESIDENT'S PROGRESS

I use the word progress here in the sense it was used when the Medieval kings started out to visit their subjects. In those days it was thought necessary for the monarch to travel through his dominions at intervals, to investi-

gate his means of defense and offense, to overawe the disaffected, encourage the well disposed, to settle disputes and put down petty wars between his feudatories. Later, in more civilized times, these progresses were to acquaint the monarch with his realm, impress his subjects with his state and grandeur and to confer honors and dignity upon the faithful.

In Engalnd about every castle or manor house has its "Queen Elizabeth Chamber" where the red-headed Queen slept once, or some other apartment

sometime occupied by some royalty.

It was a good thing.

In our own country when Andrew Johnson made his first famous "swing around the circle" with a speech at every stop it was thought——or affected to be thought——disgraceful. It was said to be beneath the dignity of the President to follow the example of an itinerant politician, and he was much berated for it. So much so that it did not become a custom until McKinley's day. Cleveland boasted that he had never been west of the Mississippi river but once, and then as far as St. Louis only.

Other Presidents made a few short trips for special purposes, but McKinley was the first to traverse the whole extent of the country speaking wherever there was a crowd. Roosevelt perfected the custom that Taft is following so that no one now ventures to criticize Mr. Taft for a thirteen-thousand-mile trip in which he

will make some two hundred speeches.

And why not? Why should not the ruler of a republic visit his electors as freely as kings visited their subjects? Rather more so. In what possible way could President Taft have so projected himself upon the public mind and so fully presented his side of the controversy now raging as thus? No amount of interviews could do it. And by word of mouth direct to the listening crowds it is so much more effective, so much fairer to both. On this trip several million voters will have seen and heard Taft. They will have visualized his personality, heard his voice, judged of his honesty and his candor, and be better prepared to weigh his actions in the future.

The day when the President of the United States must suffer all manner of abuse and culmny and misrepresentation in silence has gone by. The people want to hear his side, they want to see him, weigh him, judge him by personal contact. And from that sort of jugdment Taft need not shrink. He has an engaging personality, and in his speeches he is the most candid, the most frank the most outspoken President we have ever had. He tells every one just what he thinks, why he did it, and what he will do next. There is no misunderstanding him.

Thousands will disagree with him but they are bound to believe him honest, sincere, profoundly anxious to do what is best for his country, and very little concerned as to his own political fortunes. In that way Taft's trip will help. He will likely not convert any Insurgents to his way of thinking. He may not change any votes; but he will do this, is doing this, to my certain knowledge: many who were doubtful of him for the future, distrustful of him, came away from his meetings impressed with his bigness, his candor and honesty, his lack of self-

seeking, his apparent determination to do right as God gives him to see the right.

and further, more determined to give him another chance.

On the other hand, the President will learn much of what the people of the country are thinking, and that will help him. He needs that. He is too much and too closely surrounded in Washington by self-seekers, petty politicians, men with an axe to grind in each hand. It is good for him to get away from them for awhile and get close to the people by whom he is elected; for whom, after all, he is working.

Another row in that African back yard, and a fair sized war sizzling before any one knew it. Italy declares war on Turkey on two minutes' notice, sinks a few Turkish ships and bottles up the rest in the Dardenelles, bombards Tripoli

a few Turkish ships and bottles up the rest in the Dardenelles, bombards Tripoli and occupies it, and proposes to occupy the whole of Barbary. It is quite apparent that it is a long-premeditated job, throughly prepared for, and thoroughly understood by every Chancellerie in Europe. After it is over, which will be shortly, Turkey will be minus a province for which she has no earthly use and can't govern, Germany will get another slice somewhere. England will throw off the faint semblance of Turkish suzerainty in Egypt and make it an English Protectorate,

and every one will be happy but Turkey, and who cares about Turkey?

Of course it is easy to say that Italy's action is unjustifiable; that it is rank piracy, and all that. But the fact remains that Tripoli had been a plague spot ever since Turkey first occupied it. If I am not mistaken a certain American by the name of Decatur visited Tripoli about 1805 and found several hundred Americans captured on the high sea, languishing there as slaves. He gave the Pasha a lesson which the barbarian forgot so quickly that Decatur was forced to return in 1816 and finish the job, which he did. He also visited Tunis and Algiers, where the same conditions existed. When he had finished his visit, these barbaric potentates had released their white prisoners, agreed to respect the American flag, and give up their claim to tribute which had been exacted from every civilized power for years.

The French later took Algiers and Tunisia and cleaned them up. Where thirty years ago no man's life or property was safe, where there was nothing but rapine, slaughter and brutality, now there is civilization, thrift, prosperity, good roads, towns building and a contented native population. Tripoli has had it coming to her for some time. Italy will do for Tripoli what France has done for Algiers and Tunis, and England for Egypt; what will soon have to be done by some one for Morocco, the last of those ancient plague spots left on the Mediterranean

coast of Africa.

It is the silliest sentimentalism to sympathize with Turkey. The Unspeakable Turk can't govern himself and he is not fit to govern any one else. Every province not essentially and radically Turkish should be wrested from him. Let him stew in his own juice and misgovern himself, but he has no right to misgovern white folks or any one else, not even Arabs.

Colonel Bryan has been very free of late with criticisms in his paper, The Commoner, of the Trust decisions of the Supreme Court and Mr. Taft's satisfaction therewith. The other day Mr. Taft invited—challenged—Mr. Bryan to point out one single trust evil that has been complained of, that cannot be suppressed under the Supreme Court's interpretation of the Sherman Act. "Just one," he says, "point out just one." Bryan splutters, but so far has failed to point. With his accustomed logic he answers by saying, "Why don't you send 'em to jail?"

He fails to suggest any corporate evil that the Sherman law will not remedy if it is vigorously enforced, and Mr. Taft's administration is surely doing that. It has done more than all the other five different administrations that have preceded him since the law was enacted. But why not send them to jail? Because, it would be *ex post facto*. No one knew exactly what the law meant until the Su-

preme Court said so. Many of the combinations, in fact most of them, were advisedby able lawyers that they were within the law, that they were not violating the Act. Now they know what they are doing. If they offend now, by all means send them to jail. No one has any excuse for violating it now, and the result is shown in the fact that some of the biggest trusts are hunting cover, asking Wickersham what he wants them to do. Taft has got them where Davy Crockett had the coon: "Don't shoot, I'll come down."

I have been traveling some this past summer and have seen A OUEER RIVER various rivers east and west. I have been on the Colorado where it runs six thousand feet under ground, or practically

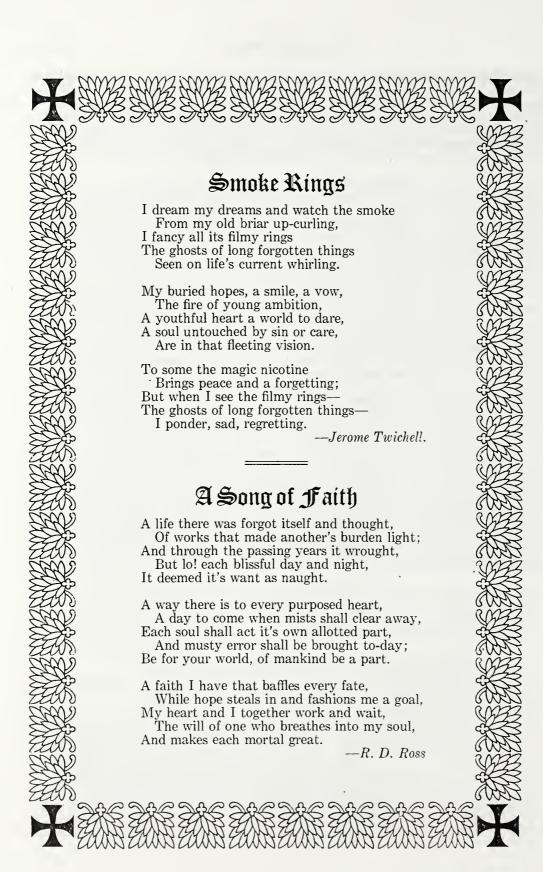
so. I have been on the Salt River where the Roosevelt Dam pokes its 285 feet in the air. I have been on the once proud Mississippi, the once Father of the Waters, that is now degraded by the railroads to bearing a few antiquated, wheezy ferry boats, a river that even the traditional catfish have deserted so the old timers remark that "there ain't no fishin' any more."

But the queerest I have seen is the Sacramento. I navigated it from Sacra-

mento to San Francisco on a summer day in one of the magnificent new Southern Pacific Steamers, and found it a trip full of interest. For most of the way it is like a Dutch canal, considerably above the surrounding fields, retained by 18-foot dykes from flooding the fertile fields below. But here is the queer thing. At intervals along the bank you see big 8-inch pipes climbing the banks. When these low lands are too wet, the water is pumped from them through these pipes into the river above. When the land is too dry, these pipes syphon the river water back onto the land for irrigation. Don't smile, it's true. The same pipe does for both. It takes power to drain the land up into the river, but to get the water back when they want it, they simply exhaust the air in the siphon and it starts flowing an eight-inch stream from the river 'til the land has enough.

The land is fabulously rich, and thus guarded alike against drought or flood, crops are as certain as the sunrise. I saw one pear field of ten acres that produced ten thousand dollars worth of pears this year. Inasmuch as I was told the same story by the owner, the captain, the purser, and the agent of the line at San Francisco, I am inclined to think it true, though it does stagger one a little. This is not a real estate sales article, for there is no land there for sale. What there is of it has been recovered from the Tule swamps by dikes at great expense and there is not much of it. But what there is, is very wonderful and it's a beautiful trip,

very odd and very pleasant.



TWICE TOLD TALES

The KANSAS MAGAZINE welcomes to this page every story, new or old, that has humor in it

THE RIGHT KIND OF GIRL

An old gentleman remarked the other day: "Once I was young, but now I'm old, and I've never seen a girl unfaithful to her mother that never seen a girl unfaithful to her mother that ever came to be worth a one-eyed button to her husband. It isn't exactly in the Bible, but it is written large and awful in the life of a misfit home. If one of you boys ever come across a girl with a face full of roses, who says as you come to the door, "I can't go for thirty minutes, for the dishes are not washed," you wait for the girl: you sit down on the doorstep and wait for her. Because some other fellow may come along and marry her off, and right there you have lost an angel. Wait for that girl and stick to her like a burr to a mule's tail."—Exchange.

A SILENT PARTNER

"So you and Meyer have set up a marriage agency? What capital have you?"
"I put two hundred dollars in the business and Meyer his six unmarried daughters."— Megendorfer Blaetter.

NO CAUSE FOR WORRY

Painter [to his servant]—"Now carry this picture to the exhibition gallery. But be careful, for the paint is not quite dry yet."

Servant—"Oh, that's all right. I'll put on

an old coat."—Fliegende Blaetter.

ON HIS GUARD

Teacher [to new pupil]—"Why did Hannibal cross the Alps, my little man?"

My Little Man—"For the same reason as the 'en crossed th' road. Yer don't catch me with no puzzles."—Sydney Bulletin.

OFFICIAL ENCOURAGEMENT

"Every time the automobile breaks down I notice you examine your state license."
"I do that for encouragement. The license

says I'm competent to operate the machine.' - Houston Chronicle.

WAITING IN VAIN

Disgusted Fisherman [emptying his bait into the stream]—"Hanged if I'll wait on you any longer. Here! Help yourselves."—Life.

Q. E. D.

A member of the faculty of a New England university tells of a freshman, who was asked by one of the professors whether he had proved

a certain proposition in Euclid.
"Well, sir," responded the freshman, "'proved' is a strong word. But I will say that I have rendered it highly probable."—Harper's Maga-

NOT RESPONSIBLE

Nurse—"What's that dirty mark on your leg,

Master Frank?"
Frank—"Harold kicked me."
Nurse—"Well, go at once and wash it off."
Frank—"Why? It wasn't me what did it!"-Punch.

FOOLING THE LION

Barbara [who has just had a lesson on protective coloring]—"Daddy, I know why a

giraffe is all over spots."

Daddy—"Well, why is it?"

Barbara—"So that if a lion came along he would mistake it for a leaf."—Punch.

FEE SIMPLE

Mrs. Young—"I want to get a divorce from my husband."
Lawyer—"What are your charges?"
Mrs. Young—"My charges? Mercy! I thought I'd have to pay you."—Boston Tran-

Margery was playing school with her dolls. The class in physiology was reciting. "Now, children," she said, "what are your

hands for?"

"To keep clean," was the prompt reply.
"Yes," repeated the little teacher, "hands were given us so we could keep them clean, and 'member, too," she added, "we must keep our feet clean, 'cause there might be an accident."

ADVERTISING

Angler [new recruit to the gentle art, who is "flogging" the stream]—"Not splash so much? Why bless you, if I don't attract their attention how are the fish to know the beastly things are there at all."—Punch.

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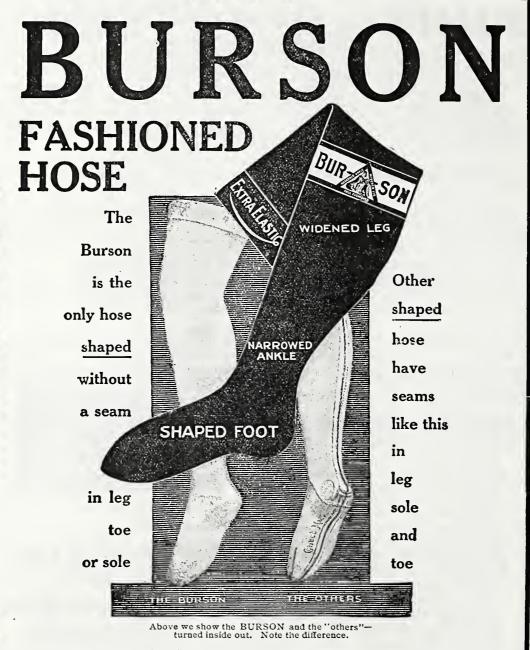
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For November and December

In this issue of the Kansas Magazine we are publishing the first of two very interesting articles on the Government's Salt River Irrigation Project in Arizona. This is the largest undertaking of its kind in the world. ¶ In this article you are given the facts by one who spent several days on muleback and in automobile to secure this interesting matter for our readers. Remember the first article appears in this issue.

The Kansas Magazine

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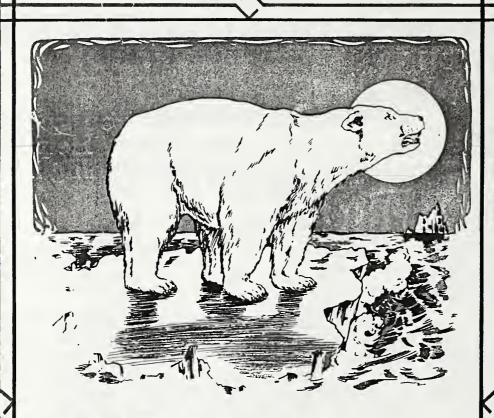
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